

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE Esq.
VOLUME IV.
CONTAINING HIS
SATIRES, &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed for H. LINTOT, A. MILLAR, J. and R.
TONSON and S. DRAPER, and C. BATHURST
M.DCC.LVI.

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FOURTH VOLUME.

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ADVERTISEMENT

T O

The first publication of this EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my *Person, Morals, and Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious or the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.







*Shut, shut the Door good John, fatigued I said
Tye up the Knocker, say I'm sick I'm dead.
Ep. to Arbuthnot.*

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT,
 BEING THE
 PROLOGUE
 TO THE
 SATIRES.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John ! fatigu'd I said,
 Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The dog-star rages ! nay 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me :
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy ! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza, when he should engross ?

Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
 All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain 21
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped.
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 V'ho can't be silent, and who will not lye:
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,

VARIATIONS.

After *γ* 20 in the MS.

Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
 With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
 Is there a prentice, having seen two plays,
 Who would do something in his sempstress' praise—

VER. 29. in the first Ed.

Dear doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
 Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?



TO THE SATIRES.

7

Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends: 44

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,

"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace,

"I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues, 55

"A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There, (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,

"And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
Lintot."

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,

To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine.

VER. 60. in the former Edd.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Caesar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i.

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
 "Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks; 65

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70

His very minister who spy'd them first,

(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings; 76

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,

'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?

Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,

That secret to each fool, that he's an ass: 80

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)

The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,

Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

N O T E S.

VER. 72. *Queen*] The story is told, by some, of his barber, but by Chaucer of his queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale* in *Dryden's Fables*.

VER. 88. Alluding to Horace,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,

Impavidum ferient ruinae.

Who shames a scribler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of slimzy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer, 95
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer!
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
 Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God-sake—you'll offend,
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.
 One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

VARIATIONS.

VER. 111. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe;
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."
 Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
 Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

There are, who to my person pay their court: 115
 I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short,
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an eye——"
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me. 120
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal Maro held his head:"
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125
 Dipt me in ink, my parent's, or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130
 The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
 To help me thro' this long disease, my life,
 To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,
 And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite, 135
 And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
 And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;

VARIATIONS.

After *ψ* 124 in the MS.

But, friend, this shape, which you and Curl admire,
 Came not from Ammon's son, but from my fire:
 And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
 I had it from my mother, not the muse.
 Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
 Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
 Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140
 And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks. 146
 Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
 While pure description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.

NOTES.

VER. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled, Dryden's Satyr to his Muse, has been printed in the name of the lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons, with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the Pastorals and Windsor Forest, on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following,

While pure description held the place of sense? &c.

VER. 146. *Burnets, &c.*] Authors of secret and scandalous history.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling stream.* is a verse of Mr. Addison.

If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
Comma's and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespear's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can *guess*?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard bound brains, eight lines a year;

NOTES.

VER. 180.—*a Persian tale.*] Amb. Philips translated a book called the Persian Tales.

He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left: 184
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
 All these, my modest Satire bad *translate*,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a *Tate*. 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause; 210

VARIATIONS.

After ψ 208. in the MS.

Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise——
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls, 215
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?

I sought no homage from the race that write;
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight: 220
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)

No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down; 225
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.

VARIATIONS.

After γ 234. in the MS.

To bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

NOTES.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Psalm.

TO THE SATIRES.

15

His library (where busts of poets dead 235

And a true Pindar stood without a head)

Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,

Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:

Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,

And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240

Till grown more frugal in his riper days,

He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,

To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,

And others (harder still) he paid in kind.

Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245

Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:

But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,

He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!

May every Bavius have his Bufo still! 250

So when a statesman wants a day's defence,

Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,

Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,

May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!

Blest be the *Great* for those they take away; 255

And those they left me; for they left me GAY;

Left me to see neglected genius bloom,

Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:

NOTES.

VER. 236.—*a true Pindar stood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. *Vide Fulv. Ursin, &c.*

VER. 248.—*help'd to bury*] Mr. Dryden, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestow'd upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality.

Of all thy blameless life the sole return 259
My verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!

(To live and die is all I have to do:)

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,

And see what friends, and read what books I please:

Above a patron, tho' I condescend

265

Sometimes to call a minister my friend.

I was not born for courts or great affairs;

I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;

Can sleep without a poem in my head,

Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?

Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?

Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)

Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?

274

"I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt

"(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.

"No, such a genius never can lie still;

And then for mine obligingly mistakes

The first lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes.

280

Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,

When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

VARIATIONS.

After 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:

Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.

The world I knew, but made it not my school,

And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

After 282. in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

TO THE SATIRES.

17

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear, 285
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lye, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out: 290
That sop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lye not, must at least betray:
Who to the Dean, and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there; 300

VARIATIONS.

Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D—s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,
Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE hearse.
P. No—the high task to lift up kings to gods,
Leave to court-sermons, and to birth day-odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.
Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The town, the court, the wits, the dunces weep.

NOTES.

VER. 299. *Who to the Dean, &c.*] See the Epistle to the Earl of Burlington.

VOL. IV.

B

Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lye.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
 Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk? 306
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
 P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings; 310

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320

In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis. 325 }

Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd, 330

NOTES.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv.

A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool, 335

Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:

That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lye in verse or prose the same.

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song:

That not for fame, but virtue's better end,

He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

The damning critic, half approving wit,

The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345

Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,

The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;

The distant threats of vengeance on his head,

The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed:

The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350

Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,

The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;

NOTES.

VER. 350. *the lye so oft o'erthrown.*] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, tho' publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle*.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed trash.*] Such as profane Psalms, Court-Poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others.

Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead; 355
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past :
 For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state :
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
 A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
 This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :

VARIATIONS.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
 And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit :
 Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
 He writ no libels, but my lady did :
 Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
 Where woman's is the sin, and man's the shame.

NOTES.

VER. 354. *Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,*] Namely on the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Burlington, lord Bathurst, lord Bolingbroke, bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.

So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lye.
 To please a mistress one aspers'd his life; 376
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let Budgel charge low Grubstreet on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;
 Let the two Curls of town and court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.

NOTES.

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels before the author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.

VER. 375. *Welsted's lye.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasion'd a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he libell'd the duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds*: the falsehood of both which is known to his grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from any great man whatsoever.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] Budgel, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. Tindal, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay a bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a nobleman, (if such a reflection could be thought to come from

Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in virtue, or in song.

385

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)

N O T E S.

a nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following line,

Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,
 had fallen from a like courtly pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the earl of Lindsey—His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of king Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
 QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
 ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPA BILI.
 PIENTISSIMAE. QUAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.
 XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
 PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.
 ET. SIBI.

Each parent sprung——A. What fortune, pray?——

P. Their own,

390

And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,

Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,

Stranger to civil and religious rage,

The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,

Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lye.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtile art,

No language, but the language of the heart.

By nature honest, by experience wise,

400

Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;

His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,

His death was instant, and without a groan.

O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die! 404

Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:

Me, let the tender office long engage,

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep a while one parent from the sky!

VARIATIONS.

After ψ 405. in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?

Take then this verse, the trifle of a day,

And if it live, it lives but to commend

The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,

Or head, an author: Critic, yet polite

And friend to learning, yet too wise to write.

On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 416
And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

S A T I R E S
AND
E P I S T L E S
OF
H O R A C E
I M I T A T E D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The *Satires* of Dr. Donne I versified, at the desire of the earl of Oxford while he was lord treasurer, and of the duke of Shrewsbury who had been secretary of state; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *hypocrite*.

Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis.





*Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*

Ep. to Satires part 2

THE FIRST
Of the SECOND BOOK of the
SATIRES OF HORACE.
To MR. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told:
^a There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold)
 Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.
^b The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
 Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
^c I come to council learned in the law:
 You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
 Advice; and (as you use) without a fee. 10

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

^a **S**UNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
 Legem tendere opus; ^b sine nervis altera, quid-
 quid

Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
 Mille die versus deduci posse. ^c Trebati,
 Quid faciam? praecribe.

F. ^d I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
^e And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
 I nod in company, I wake at night,
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
 Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:

^f Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
 Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est*.
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20
^g Or, if you needs must write, write CAESAR's praise,
^h You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What? like Sir ⁱ Richard, rumbling, rough, and
 fierce,
 With ARMS, and GEORGE and BRUNSWICK crowd
 the verse,

T. ^d Quiescas. H. Ne faciam, inquis,
 Omnino versus? T. Aio.

H. Peream, male, si non
 Optimum erat: ^e verum nequeo dormire.

T. ^f Ter uncti
 Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
 Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

^g Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
 CAESARIS invicti res dicere, ^h multa laborum
 Praemia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
 Deficiunt: ⁱ neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
 Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,

SAT. I. OF HORACE. 29

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25
 With, gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder?
 Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
 Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. ¹ Then all your muse's foster art display,
 Let CAROLINA smoothe the tuneful lay, 30
 Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
 And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.

P. ^m Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
 They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
 And justly CAESAR scorns the poet's lays, 35
 It is to *History* he trusts for praise.

F. ² Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
 Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
 And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
 Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:

Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

T. ¹ Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,
 Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,
 Cum res ipsa feret: ^m nisi dextro tempore, Flacci
 Verba per attentam non ibunt Caesaris aurem:
 Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. ² Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi laedere versa
 Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?

• Cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus, et
 odit.

The fewer still you name, you wound the more ;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. ^c Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny 45
Scarfdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye ;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see

The doubling lustres dance as fast as she ;

^d F.—loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another. 50

^c I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne :
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,

The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass, my muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
Publish the present age ; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next : 60

My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,

H. ^c Quid faciam ? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

^d Castor gaudet equis ; ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia. ^c me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris ; neque, si male gesserat, usquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene : quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

^f Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
^g Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70
^h I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
ⁱ Save but our *Army*! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
^l Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75
 But touch me, and no minister so sore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
^m Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

Vita senis. sequor hunc, ^f Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
 [Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
 Incuteret violenta.] ^g sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
 Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis
 Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,
^h Tutus ab infestis latronibus? ⁱ O pater et rex
 Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
 Nec quisquam noceat ^l cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
 Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
^m Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

^a Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

^b Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels; 85
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.

^c So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

^d Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,
Whether old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to guild the ev'ning of my day,
Or death's black wing already be display'd, 95
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:

^a Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes:

^b Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus

Monstratum? ^c Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

^d Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;

In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,

^c Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. ^f Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,

In flow'r of age you perish for a song!

Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,

Will club their testers, now, to take your life!

P. ^g What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men; 106

Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;

Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;

Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,

Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws! 110

Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain

Flatt'ers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?

Could laureate Dryden pimp and fry'r engage,

Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?

And I not ^h strip the gilding off a knave, 115

Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:

Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.

Dives, inops; Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;

^c Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.

T. ^f O puer, ut sis

Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus

Frigore te feriat.

H. ^g Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

^h Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora

Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Laelius, et qui

Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,

Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello,

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120

TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The world beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.

There, my retreat the best companions grace, 125
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul :

And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain, 131
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Famolisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
Scilicet ¹ UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS A-
MICIS.

¹ Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me

NOTES.

VER. 129. *And HE, whose lightning, &c.*] Charles Mor-
daunt, earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barce-
lona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and
900 foot, enterprized and accomplished the conquest of Va-
lencia.

^m *Envy* must own, I live among the great,
 No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats; 136
 To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scriblers or peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—

^a What saith my council, learned in the laws?

F. ^b Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;

^c Consult the statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. ^d *Libels* and *Satires*! lawless things indeed!
 But grave *Epistles*, bringing vice to light, 151
 Such as a king might read, a bishop write,

^m Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
 Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
 Offendet solido:

^a nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,
 Dissentis.

T. ^b Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.
 Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
 Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

^c “Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
 “Judiciumque.”

H. Esto, si quis ^d mala. sed bona si quis

Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed?

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;

‘ In such a cause the plaintiff will be his’d, 155

My lords the judges laugh, and you’re dismiss’d.

Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE? si quis

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse?

T. ‘ Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

^a **W**HAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a chearful heart;

^b (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk ^c before we dine.

^c Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride 5
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
^d But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

^h Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

^a **Q**UAE virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic sermo; sed quae praecepit
Ofellus,

Rusticus, ^d abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)
Discite. ^e non inter lances mensasque nitentes;
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, et cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:

^c Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus iudex. ^h Leporem sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat

¹ (Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

¹ Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

Militia assuetum graecari) seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:
Cum labor extulerit fastidia; siccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem: nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. ¹ foris est promus, et atrum
Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Qui partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in teipso est. tu pulmentaria quaere
Sudando. pinguem vittis albumque neque ostrea,
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.

¹ Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum;
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris
ista,

Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis

^m Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)

Yet for small turbot's such esteem profess?

Because God made these large, the other less.

^a Oldfield with more than harpy throat endu'd, 25

Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole hog barbecu'd!"

Oh blast it, ^b South-winds! till a stench exhale

Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

By what criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,

If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30

When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,

He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,

He calls for something bitter, something sour,

And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:

Ostia sub Tusci? ^m laudas, insane, trilibrem
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.

Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo

Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis

Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.

Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

^a Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino

Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos,

^b Praesentes, Austri, coquite horum opsonia: quam-
quam

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando

Aegram sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus

NOTES.

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, &c.*] A West Indian term of gluttony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madera wine.

^c Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35
Thus much is left of old simplicity!

^d The robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer. 40

^e Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

^f 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.

^g Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a ^h dog, and her a bitch) 50

Atque acidas mavult inulas. ^c necdum omnis abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî præconis erat acipensere mensa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?

^d Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. ergo

^e Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos,
Parebit pravi docilis Romana juvenus.

^f Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris. ^g Avidienus,

^h Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,

NOTES.

VER. 42. *Bedford-head*;] A famous eating-house.

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
ⁱ One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine:
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.
 But on some ^l lucky day (as when they found 55
 A lost bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, ^m old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
 Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60
^a He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
 Nor ^b stops, for one bad cork his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
 Nor lets, like ^c Naevius, ev'ry error pass, 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Quinquennes oleas est, et, sylvestria corna;

ⁱ Ac, nisi mutatum parcit defundere vinum; et
 Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
 Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum

^l Festos albatius celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
 Caulibus instillat, ^m veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum
 Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.

^a Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque
 In neutram partem cultus miser. ^b Hic neque servis
 Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
 Saevus erit; nec sic ut simplex ^c Naevius, unctam
 Convivis praebebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque mag-
 num.

^d Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)

^e First health: The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)

Remembers oft ^f the school-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

^g How pale, each worshipful and rev'rend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast! 76

What life in all that ample body, say?

What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines. 80

^h On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?

How coming to the poet ev'ry muse?

^d Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum
Afferat. ^e In primis valeas bene; nam variae res

Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escae,

Quae simplex ^f olim tibi federit. at simul assis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;

Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. ^g Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Coena defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum.

Hesternis vitiis animum quoque praegravat una,

Atque affigit humo divinae particulam aerae.

^h Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori

Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.

ⁱ Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85

Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of rhyme;

Ill health some just indulgence may engage,

And more the sickness of long life, old age;

^l For fainting age what cordial drop remains,

If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains? 90

^m Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,

And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;

More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home. 96

^a Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,

^b That sweetest music to an honest ear; 100

ⁱ Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique

Accedent anni, et tractari mollius aetas,

Imbecilla volet. ^l Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,

Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollitiem; seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

^m Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia
natus

Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes

Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam

Integrum edax dominus consumeret. ^a hos utinam
inter

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

^b Das aliquid famae, quae carmine gratior aurem

(For 'faith, lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song)
 Who has not learn'd, ^c fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
 Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 Curs'd by thy ^d neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name;
 And ^e buy a rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110
^f "Right, cries his lordship, for a rogue in need
 "To have a taste is insolence indeed:
 "In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 "My wealth unweildy, and my heap too great."
 Then, like the sun, let ^g bounty spread her ray, 115
 And shine that superfluity away.
 Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
 Shall half the ^h new-built churches round thee fall?
 Make keys, build bridges, or repair White-hall: 120

Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinaeque
 Grande ferunt una ^c cum damno dedecus. adde
^d Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
^e As, laquei pretium.

^f Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
 Jurgatur verbis: ego vestigalia magna,
 Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ^g Ergo,
 Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?
 Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare
^h Templā ruunt antiqua Deūm? cur, improbe, carae

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

ⁱ Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And ¹ who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care

In peace provides fit arms against a war?

^m Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the man.

In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The lord of thousands, than if now ^a *Excis'd*;

In forest planted by a father's hand, 135

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little I can piddle here

On ^b brocoli and mutton, round the year;

Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

ⁱ O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne

¹ Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui

Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello? [Ofellum

^m Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc ^a accisis. Videas, metato in agello,

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam, praeter ^b olus fumosae cum pede pernae.

But ^c ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140
 'Tis true, no ^d turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
 To Hounslow-heath I point and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
 * From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 145
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
 Then ^f chearful healths (your mistress shall have place)
 And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost!
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after ^g standing armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone; 155
 I'll hire another's; is not that my own,

Ac mihi seu ^c longum post tempus venerat hospes,
 Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
 Vicinus; bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
 Sed pullo atque hoedo: tum ^d pensilis uva secundas
 Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.
 Post hoc ludus erat ^e cuppa potare magistra:
 Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,
 Explicuit vino contractae seria frontis.

Saeviat atque novos moveat fortuna tumultus!
 Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcus,
 aut vos,
 O pueri, nituitis, ut huc ^g novus incola venit?

And yours, my friends! thro' whose free-op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;

(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160

"Pray heav'n it last! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on;

"I wish to God this house had been your own:

"Pity! to build, without a son or wife:

"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165

Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

What's ^h *Property*? dear Swift! you see it alter

From you to me, from me to ⁱ Peter Walter;

Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;

Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir; 170

Or in pure ^l equity (the case not clear)

The chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:

At best, it falls to some ^m ungracious son,

Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."

^a Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 175

Become the portion of a booby lord;

And Hemslay, once proud Buckingham's delight,

Slides to a scriv'ner or a city knight.

Nam ^h *propriae telluris herum natura neque illum,*

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;

Illum aut ⁱ nequities aut ^l vafri inscitia juris,

Postremum expellet certe ^m vivacior heres,

^a *Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli*

Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum

NOTES.

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham's, &c.*] Villers duke of Buckingham.

^b Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ^b quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

E P I S T L E I.

T O L. BOLINGBROKE.

S T. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
 Why ^b will you break the Sabbath of my days?
 Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
 Public too long, ah let me hide my age! 5
 See modest ^c Cibber now has left the stage:
 Our gen'als now, ^d retir'd to their estates,
 Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
 In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
 Nor ^e fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.
 ^f A voice there is, that whispers in my ear, 11
 ('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your ^g muse take
 " breath,
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death;
 " Least stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
 " You limp, like Blackmore on a lord mayor's horse."

P RIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
 ^b Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
 Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
 Non eadem est aetas, non mens. ^c Veianius, armis
^d Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
 Ne populum ^e extrema toties exoret arena.
 ^f Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
 Solve ^g senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

Farewell then ^h verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
 What ⁱ right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is all: 20
 To lay this ^l harvest up, and hoard with haste,
 What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what ^m doctors I apply?
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
 As drives the ^a storm, at any door I knock: 25
 And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke,
 Sometimes a ^b patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
 Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
 Still true to virtue, ^c and as warm as true: 30
 Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
 Back to my ^d native moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Nunc itaque et ^h versus, et caetera ludicra pono:
 Quid ⁱ verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in
 hoc sum:

^l Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere possim.
 Ac ne forte roges, ^m quo me duce, quo Lare tuter:
 Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
^a Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
 Nunc agilis fio, et merfor ^b civilibus undis,
 Virtutis verae custos, ^c rigidusque fatelles:
 Nunc in * Aristippi ^d furtim praecepta relabor,
 Et mihi res, non me rebus, subungere conor.

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

^c Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
 Long as the night to her whose love's away, 36
 Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
 When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one:
 So slow th' ^f unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the functions of my soul; 40
 That keep me from myself; and still delay
 Life's instant business to a future day:
 That ^g task, which as we follow, or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.

^h Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some ⁱ comfort, not to be a fool.
^l Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of fight,
 Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite; 50
 I'll do what Mead and Chefelden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.

^c Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica: diesque
 Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
 Sic mihi tarda ^f fluunt ingrataque tempora, quae spem
 Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter ^g id, quod
 Aequae pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aequae,
 Aequae neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

^h Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam ⁱ solerque ele-
 mentis:

^l Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
 Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
 Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
 Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.

Not to ^m go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy ^a blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love?

Know, there are words, and spells, which can controll
^b Between the fits this fever of the soul :

Know there are rhymes, which ^c fresh and fresh ap-
ply'd,

Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60

Be ^d furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,

^e Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,

A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch ^f bear;

All that we ask is but a patient ear.

^g 'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor ; 65

And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.

But to the world no ^h bugbear is so great,

As want of figure, and a small estate.

To either India see the merchant fly,

Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty ! 70

Est quadam prodire ^m tenus, si non datur ultra.

^a *Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus ?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et ^b magnam morbi deponere partem.*

*Laudis amore tumes ? sunt ^c certa piacula, quae te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

^d *Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ^e amator ;
Nemo ^f adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.*

^g *Virtus est, vitium fugere ; et sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae ^h maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,*

See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 i Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing, to make philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ^l ease thy heart of all that it admires?
 Here, wisdom calls: ^m "Seek virtue first, be bold!
 "As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
 There, London's voice: ^a "Get money, money still!
 "And then let virtue follow, if she will." 80
 This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
 From ^b low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
 From him whose ^c quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
 Barnard in ^d spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
 "Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
 pounds;

Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
 Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
 Per ⁱ mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
 Ne cures ^l ea, quae stulte miraris et optas,
 Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
 Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
 Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?
 "^m Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.
 "^a O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum est;
 Virtus post nummos: haec ^b Janus summus ab imo
 Prödocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata, senesque,
^c Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
 Est ^d animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque:

A pension, or such harness for a slave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 Barnard, thou art a ^c cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D^{*l}, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90
 Yet ev'ry ^f child another song will sing,
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
 True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
 Be this thy ^s screen, and this thy wall of bras; 95
 Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.
^h And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted peers, 99
 Or what was spoke at ⁱ CRESSY and POITIERS?
^l Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
 "With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
 "Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
 "If not, by any means get wealth and place."
 For what? to have a ^m box where eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the circle eye a king.

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint,
^c Plebs eris. ^f at pueri ludentes, rex eris, aiunt,
 Si recte facies. Hic ^s murus aheneus esto,
 Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

^h Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
 Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
 Et maribus ⁱ Curiis et decantata Camillis?

^l Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
 "Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."
 Ut ^m propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupì!

Or ^a he, who bids thee face with steddý view
 Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness thro':
 And, ^b while he bids thee, sets th' example too? }
 If ^c such a doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
 Shou'd chance to make the well-drest rabble stare;
 If honest S*z take scandal at a spark,
 That less admires the ^d palace than the park:
 Faith I shall give the answer ^e reynard gave:
 "I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave: 115
 "Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 "Full many a beast goes in, but none come out.
 Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave:
 Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
 Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120
 The ^f people are a many-headed beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125

An, ^a qui fortunae te respondere superbae
 Liberum et erectum, ^b praesens hortatur et aptat?
^c Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
 Non, ut ^d porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem;
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit:
 Olim quod ^e vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
 Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.
^f Belua multorum es capitum. nam quid sequar, aut
 quem?

Their ^g country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
 Some ^h with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
 In dirt and darkness, ⁱ hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ^l pursues his own,
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135

But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
 To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job ^m sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cryed) like Greenwich hill!"

^a Up starts a palace, lo, th' obedient base 140
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Now let some whimsy, or that ^b dev'l within [mean,
 Which guides all those who know not what they
 But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen; 145

Pars hominum gestit ^g conducere publica: sunt qui

^h *Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,
 Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:*

ⁱ *Multis occulto crescit res fenore. ^l verum*

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

^m *Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis praelucet amoenis,*

Si dixit dives; ^a lacus et mare sentit amorem

Festinantis heri: cui si ^b vitiosa libido

Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta Teanum

“ Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
 “ For snug’s the word: My dear! we’ll live in town.”

At am’rous Flavio is the ^c stocking thrown;
 That very night he longs to lie alone.

^d The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151

Did ever ^e Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
 Transform themselves so strangely as the rich? }
 Well, but the ^f poor—The poor have the same itch; }

They change their ^g weekly barber, weekly news,
 Prefer a new japanner, to their shoes, 156

Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
 They ^h hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord. 160

ⁱ You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!

Tolletis, fabri. ^c lectus genialis in aula est?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibe vita:

^d Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

^e Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?

Quid ^f pauper? ride: mutat ^g coenacula, lectos,

Balnea, ^h tonfores; conducto navigio aequè

Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.

ⁱ Si curtatus inaequali tonsore capillos

Occurro; rides. si forte subucula pexae

Trita subest tunicae, vel si toga dissidet impar;

But when ^l no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,
 Is half so incoherent as my mind, 166
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ^m ebb and flow of follies all my life)
 I ^a plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;
^b You never change one muscle of your face, 171
 You think this madness but a common case,
 Nor ^c once to chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
 Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
 Is this my ^d guide, philosopher, and friend?
 This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)

That man divine whom wisdom calls her own; 180
 Great without title, without fortune blest'd;
 Rich ^e ev'n when plunder'd, ^f honour'd while oppress'd;

Rides. quid, ^l mea cum pugnat sententia secum;
 Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;
^m Aestuat, et vitae disconvenit ordine toto;
^a Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
^b Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides,
 Nec ^c medici credis, nec curatoris egere
 A praetore dati; rerum ^d tutela mearum
 Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
 De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.

Ad summam, Sapiens uno ⁱ minor est Jove! ^e dives!

NOTES.

VER. 173. *Hale*] Doctor of Bedlam.

Lov'd ^g without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; ^h free, tho' in the Tower;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing 185
Just ⁱ less than Jove, and ^l much above a king,
Nay, half in heav'n,—^m except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this Demy-God?

^h Liber! ^f honoratus! ^g pulcher! ^l rex denique regum!
Praecipue sanus, ^m nisi cum pituita molesta est.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

“**N**OT to admire, is all the art I know,
 “ To make men happy, and to keep them so.”
 (Plain truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow’rs of speech,
 So take it in the very words of Creech.)

^b This vault of air, this congregated ball, 5
 Self-center’d fun, and stars that rise and fall,
 There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
 Look thro’, and trust the Ruler with his skies,
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view ^c this dreadful All without a fear. 10

Admire we then what ^d earth’s low entrails hold, }
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold; }
 All the mad trade of ^e fools and slaves for gold? }

NIL admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
 Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

^b Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
 Tempora momentis, sunt qui ^c formidine nulla
 Imbuti spectent. ^d quid censes, munera terrae?
 Quid, maris extremos Arabas ^e ditantis et Indos?

NOTES.

VER. 4. *Creech.*] From whose translation of Horace the
 two first lines are taken.

Or ^f Popularity? or stars and strings?
 The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings? 15
 Say with what ^g eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
 And pay the Great our homage of amaze?

If weak the ^h pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 In either case, believe me, we admire;
 Whether we ⁱ joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away; 25
 For ^l virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
 The worst of madmen is a faint run mad.
^m Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprize, 30
 And gaze on ^a Parian charms with learned eyes:

Ludicra, quid, ^f plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
 Quo spectanda modo, ^g quo censu credis et ore?
^h Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem
 Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:
 Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:
ⁱ Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
 Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,
 Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?
^l Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
 Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.
^m I nunc, argentum et marmor ^a vetus, aeraque et
 artes

Be struck with bright ^b brocade, or Tyrian dye,
 Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at ^c council-board rejoice,
 To see their judgments hang upon thy voice; 35
 From ^d morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For ^e fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
 Shall ^f one whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd
 To form, not to admire but be admir'd, 41
 Sigh, while his Cloe blind to wit and worth
 Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
 Yet ^g time ennobles, or degrades each line;
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine: 45
 And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
 The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art, ^h with all the pow'r of words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the house of lords:
 Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie;

Suspice: cum gemmis ^b Tyrios mirare colores:
 Gaude, quod spectant oculi te ^c mille loquentem:
 Gnavus ^d mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;
^e Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emerat agris
 Mutus et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)
^f Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
^g Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;
 Desodiet condetque nitentia. ^h cum bene notum
 Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;

ⁱ Where MURRAY (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!

¹ Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone? 55

See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And desp'rate misery lays hold on Dover.

The case is easier in the mind's disease;

There all men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.

Would ye be ^m blest? despise low joys, low gains;

Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains; 61

Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

^a But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,

One who believes as Tindal leads the way,

Who virtue and a church alike disowns, 65

Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?

Fly ^b then, on all the wings of wild desire,

Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:

Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,

Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70

For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,

Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold;

Ire tamen restat, Numa ⁱ quo devenit et Ancus.

¹ *Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quaere fugam morbi. ^m vis recte vivere? quis non?*

Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omiffis

Hoc age deliciis.

^a *virtutem verba putes, et*

Lucum ligna? ^b cave ne portus occupet alter:

Ne Cibyrtica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:

^c Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a ^d wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ^e friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A ^f man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
 Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
 (Believe me, many a ^g German prince is worse,
 Who proud of pedigree, is poor of purse)
 His wealth brave ^h Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
 Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
 Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
ⁱ Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90

^c Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
 Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.
 Scilicet ^d uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et ^e amicos,
 Et genus, et formam, regina ^f pecunia donat;
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
 Manicipiis locuples, eget aeris ^g Cappadocum rex.
 Ne fueris hic tu. ^h Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
 Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,
 Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot ha-
 bebo

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
 Esse domi chlamydatum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
ⁱ Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,

A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for your self, but for your fools and knaves;
 Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.

^lIf wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

^m But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
 If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
 Then ^a hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord 100
 To do the honours, and to give the word;
 Tell at your levee, as the crouds approach,
 To whom ^b to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
 Who ^c rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks: 105
 "This may be troublesome, is near the chair:
 "That makes three members, this can chuse a may'r."
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him ^d son, or cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and ^e laugh at your own jest.

Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus. ^l ergo,
 Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,
 Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

^m Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,
^a Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, laevum
 Qui fodicet latus, et ^b cogat trans pondera dextram
 Porrigere: ^c Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,
 Cui volet, importunus ebur: ^d Frater, Pater, adde:
 Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque ^e facetus adopta.

Or if your life be one continu'd treat, 111
 If ^f to live well means nothing but to eat;
 Up, up! cries gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny-prey;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite— 115
 So ^g Ruffel did, but could not eat at night,
 Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
 And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we ^h every decency confound,
 Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnio's take our round,
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice out-do 121
ⁱ K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circean feasts,
 Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts,
 Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame, 125
 Renounce our ^l country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with ^m Wilmot own,
 The cordial drop of life is love alone,
 And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
 The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

Si ^f bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus
 Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut ^g olim
 Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
 Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
 Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.
 Emtum mulus aprum. ^h crudi, tumidique lavemur,
 Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
 Digni; ⁱ remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;
 Cui potior ^l patria fuit interdicta voluptas.

^m Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
 Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

^a Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

131

^a Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments past in his Epistle to Augustus, seem'd so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the encrease of an *Absolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a *Free People*, and are more consistent with the Welfare of *our Neighbours*.

This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that *Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: *Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obleseri, &c.* The other, that this piece was only a *general Discourse of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his cotemporaries, first against the taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly against the *Court and Nobility*, who encouraged only the writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the *Emperor himself*, who had conceived them

of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage, were owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility*; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State*, and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend, for his fame with posterity.

We may farther learn from this *Epistle*, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

EPISTLE I.

To AUGUSTUS.

WHile you, great patron of mankind! ^a sustain
 The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
 Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
 At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
^b How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal ;
 An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
^c Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more ^d sacred name,
 After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
^e Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!

CUM tot ^a sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 Legibus emendes; in ^b publica commoda peccem,
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.

^c Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, ^d Deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;
^e Ploravere suis non respondere favorem

EP. I. OF HORACE. 71

All human virtue, to its latest breath, 15

Find envy never conquer'd, but by death.

The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,

Had still this monster to subdue at last.

Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray

Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20

Oppress'd we feel the beam directly bear,

Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee, the world its present homage pays,

The harvest early, ^h but mature the praise:

Great friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a name 25

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame*:

Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd,

ⁱ As Heav'n's own Oracles from altars heard.

Wonder of king! like whom, to mortal eyes

^l None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

Just in one instance, be it yet confess

Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest:

Foes to all living worth except your own,

And advocates for folly dead and gone.

Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,

Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,

Comperit ^f invidiam supremo fine domari,

^g Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes

Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.

^h Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores,

ⁱ Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

^l Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,

* Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,

Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
It is the rust we value, not the gold.

^m Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote :
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green; 40
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,

^a He swears the muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly ^b Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our fires?

Aestimât; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit :

^m Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
^a Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia ^b Graiorum sunt antiquissima quaeque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem

NOTES.

VER. 38. *And beastly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, poet laureate to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

VER. 40. *Christ's Kirk o' the Green* ;] A ballad made by a king of Scotland.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben. Johnson held his poetical club.

EP. I. OF HORACE. 73

In ev'ry public virtue we excell; 45

We build, we paint, ^c we sing, we dance as well,

And ^d learned Athens to our art must stoop,

Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If ^e time improve our wit as well as wine,

Say at what age a poet grows divine? 50

Shall we, or shall we not account him so,

Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?

End all dispute; and fix the year precise

When British bards begin t' immortalize?

" Who lasts a ^f century can have no flaw, 55

" I hold that wit a classic, good in law.

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?

And shall we deem him ^g ancient, right and sound,

Or damn to all eternity at once,

At ninety nine, a modern and a dunce? 60

Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:

Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.

Venimus ad summum fortunae: pingimus, atque

^c Psallimus, et ^d laetamur Achivis doctius unctis.

Si ^e meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;

Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.

Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decedit, inter

Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter

Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

Est vetus atque probus, ^f centum qui perficit annos.

Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense vel anno,

Inter quos referendus erit? ^g veteresne poetas,

An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two;

“ By ^h courtesy of England, he may do.

Then, by the rule that made the ⁱ horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt ⁱ down ancients like a heap of snow: 65
While you, to measure merits, look in ^m Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a ^a bier.

^b Shakespear (whom you and ev’ry play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70
For gain, not glory, wing’d his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despatch.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem’d to heed
^c The life to come, in ev’ry poet’s creed.

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur ^h honeste,
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permissio, caudaeque pilos ut ⁱ equinae
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
Dum cadat elusus ratione ⁱ ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in ^m fastos, et virtutem aestimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod ^a Libitina sacrauit.

^b Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo ^c promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Shakespear.*] Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage; the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden call’d his *Detages*.

Who now reads ^d Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
 His moral pleasures, not his pointed wit;
 Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,
 But still ^e I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, ^f surely, these were famous men!

“ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80

“ In all ^g debates where critics bear a part,

“ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson’s art,

“ Of Shakespear’s nature, and of Cowley’s wit;

“ How Beaumont’s judgment check’d what Fletcher

“ writ;

“ How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow; 85

“ But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.

^d Naevius in manibus non est; at ^e mentibus haeret
 Pene recens: ^f adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

Ambigitur ^g quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert

Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:

Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro;

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;

Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:

Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro

NOTES.

VER. 77. *Pindaric art.*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the character, as well as numbers of Pindar.

VER. 85. *Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: but the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace’s own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism; in some things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his answer.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.

" These, ^h only these, support the crouded stage,
 " From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.

ⁱ All this may be; the people's voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

90

To ^l Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
 Why then, I say, the public is a fool.

But let them own, that greater faults than we
 They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.

95

Spenser himself affects the ^m obsolete,
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on ^a Roman feet:
 Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
 Now serpent-like, in ^b prose he sweeps the ground,
 In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
 And God the Father turns a School-divine.

101

*Speſtat Roma potens; ^h habet hos numeratque poetas
 Ad noſtrum tempus, Livii ſcriptoris ab aevo.*

ⁱ *Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.
 Si ^l veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
 Si quaedam nimis ^m antique, ſi pleraque ^a dure
 Dicere cedit eos, ^b ignave multa fatetur;
 Et ſapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.*

NOTES.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of the firſt printed plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by ſome antiquaries.

VER. 97. *Spenser himſelf affects the obſolute,*] Particularly in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, where he imitates the unequal meaſures, as well as the language, of Chaucer.

c Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
 Like d flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
 Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected fool 105
 At court, who hates whate'er he c reads at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
 The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er) 110
 One simile, that f solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or g lengthen'd thought that gleams thro' many a page,
 Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.

h I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
 When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;
 While if our elders break all reason's laws,
 These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

i On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow; 120

c Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livī
 Esse reor, memini quae d plagosum c mihi parvo
 Orbiliū dictare;

sed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:
 Inter quae f verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
 Si g versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
 Injuste totum ducit venitque poema.

h Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
 Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.

i Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attae;

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
 Which ¹ Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names)
 How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
 You'd think ^m no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old bards, ^a or Merlin's prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the sons, exalts the fires.

Fabula, si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere coner,
 Quae ¹ gravis Aesopus, quae doctus Roscius egit.
 Vel quia nil ^m rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae
 Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
 Jam ^a Saliare Numae carmen qui laudat, et illud,
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

NOTES.

VER. 124. *A muster roll of names.*] An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the meer proper names of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) fill the mouth of the player.

^b Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135

What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or what remained, so worthy to be read

By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

^c In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd; 140

In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,

"All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."

Then peers grew proud in ^d horsemanship t'excell,

New-market's glory rose, as Britain's fell;

The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France, 145

And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.

Then ^e marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,

And yielding metal flow'd to human form:

Lely on ^f animated canvas stole

The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150

^b Quod si tam Graecis novitas invisâ fuisset,
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

^c Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis
Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa;
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit ^d equorum
^e Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;
Suspendit ^f picta vultum mentemque tabella;

NOTES.

VER. 142. A verse of the lord Lansdown.

VER. 143. In horsemanship t'excell,—And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.] The duke of Newcastle's book of horsemanship: the romance of Parthenissa, by the earl of Orrery, and most of the French romances translated by persons of quality.

No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing muses were debauch'd at court:
On ^e each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.

But ^h Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now whig, now tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause. 160

ⁱ Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To ^l worship like his fathers, was his care; 165
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove, that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good ^m security, his gold.

Nunc ^s tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragoedis:

^h Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

ⁱ Romae dulce diu fuit et solenne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos ^m nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
^l Majores audire, minori dicere, per quae

NOTES.

VER. 153. *On each enervate string &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England.

Now times are chang'd, and one ^a poetic itch
 Has seiz'd the court and city poor, and rich: 170
 Sons, fires, and grandfires, all will wear the bays,
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
 To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
 And all our grace at table is a song.

I, who so oft renounce the muses, ^b lye, 175
 Not ——'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
 When sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to shew our wit. 180

^c He serv'd a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;
 Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
 Ev'n ^d Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.

Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, ^a et calet uno
 Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi
 Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.
 Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
 Invenior ^b Parthis mendacior; et prius orto
 Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

^c Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum aegro
 Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum est,
 Promittunt ^d medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:

NOTES.

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous empiric, whose pill and drop
 had several surprizing effects, and were one of the principal
 subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile? 185

(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)

But ^c those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, ^f reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state: 190

Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;

And rarely ^g av'rice taints the tuneful mind.

Allow him but his ^h play-thing of a pen,

He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

ⁱ Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind; 195

And knows no losses while the muse is kind.

To ^l cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;

The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,

Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;

And then—a perfect hermit in his ^m diet. 200

Of little use the man you may suppose,

Who says in verse what others say in prose;

Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,

And (^a tho' no soldier,) useful to the state.

^c Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

^f Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas

Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis ^g avarus

Non temere est animus: ^h versus amat, hoc studet u-
num;

Detrimenta, ⁱ fugas servorum, incendia ridet;

Non ^l fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam

Pupillo; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo ^m;

^a Militiae quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi;

NOTES.

VER. 204. *And (tho' no soldier)* Horace had not acquitted

b What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace.
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210
 Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving court.
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse some courtly stains) 215
 No whiter page than Addison remains.
 He, c from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the passions on the side of truth,

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
 b Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:
 Torquet c ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
 Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,

NOTES.

himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relictæ parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a poet follows: *Torquet ab obscœnis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert, &c.* which the imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th verses.

Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
 Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
 "The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
 Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to ^d relieve the idiot and the poor,
 Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
 And ^e stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms:
 The ^f boys and girls whom charity maintains, 231
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
 How could devotion ^g touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper muse? 234
 Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down ^h Pope and Turk.

Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;
 Recte facta refert; ^e orientia tempora notis
 Instruit exemplis; ^d inopem solatur et aegrum.
 Castis cum ^f pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde ^g preces, vatem ni musa dedisset?
 Poscit opem chorus, et praesentia numina sentit;
 Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
 Avertit morbos, ^h metuenda pericula pellit;

NOTES.

VER. 226. *The idiot and the poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor, by lending small sums of money on demand.

The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
 And ⁱ Heav'n is won by violence of song. 240

Our ^l rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care: 246
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And ^m taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But times corrupt, and ^a nature, ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice rag'd thro' private life.

Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.

ⁱ *Carminibus Dī superi placantur, carmine Manes.*

^l *Agricolae prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
^m *Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Ludit amabiliter: ^a donec jam saevus apertam
 In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas**

Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.

At length, by wholesome ^b dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :
Most warp'd to ^c flatt'ry's side ; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

^d We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms ;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
Wit grew polite, and ^e numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine. }

Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti : fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi : ^b quia etiam lex
Poenaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
Ad ^c bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

^d Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
Defluxit ^e numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere : sed in longum tamen aevum

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Waller was smooth ;*] Mr. Waller, about this time with the earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille ; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation.

Tho' still some traces of our ^f rustic vein 270
 And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd nation ^g breath'd from civil war.
 Exact ^h Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
 Not but the ⁱ tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And ^l fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
 The ^m humbler muse of comedy require.
 But in known images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less ^a. 285
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
 Tell me if ^b Congreve's fools are fools indeed?

Manserunt, hodieque manent, ^f vestigia ruris.
 Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;
 Et post ^g Punica bella quietus quaerere coepit,
 Quid ^h Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile ferrent:
 Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer:
 Nam ⁱ spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:
 Sed ^l turpem putat inscite metuitque lituram.
 Creditur, ex ^m medio quia res arcessit, habere
 Sudoris minimum; sed habet comoedia tanto
 Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. ^a aspice, Plautus
 Quo pacto ^b partes tutetur amantis ephebi,

What pert, low dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
 The stage how ^c loosely does Astraea tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky ^d eat with vast applause!
 But fill their ^e purse, our poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

O you! whom ^f vanity's light bark conveys
 On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or born too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
 § Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosus:
 Quantus sit Dossennus ^d edacibus in parasitis;
 Quam ^e non astricto percurrat pulpita focco.
 Gestit enim ^e nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
 Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam ^f ventoso gloria curru,
 Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:
 Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
 Subruit, ac reficit: § valeat res ludicra, si me
 Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

NOTES.

VER. 290. *Astraea*,] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c.

^b There still remains, to mortify a wit,
 The many-headed monster of the pit: 305
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud;
 Who, ⁱ to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the farce, ^l the bear, or the black-joke.
 What dear delight to Britons farce affords! 310
 Ever the taste of mobs, but now ^m of lords;
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
 The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot ^a and horse; 315
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold and lawn;
 The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.

^b Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
 Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
 Indocti, stolidique, et ⁱ depugnare parati
 Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
 Aut ^l ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.
 Verum ^m equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
 Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
 Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas;
 Dum fugiunt ^a equitum turmae, peditumque catervae:
 Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis;
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

NOTES.

VER. 319. *Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.*
 The coronation of Henry VIII. and queen Anne Boleyn, in

With ^b laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
 Let bear or ^c elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!
 Ah luckless ^d poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its ^e throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
 Loud as the wolves, on ^f Orcas' stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's ^g petticoat;
 Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the ^h lost actor in the tawdry load.

^b Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
 Sive ^c elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.
 Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi prae bentem mimo spectacula plura:
 Scriptores autem ^d narrare putaret afello
 Fabellam furdo. nam quae ^e pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
^f Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum.
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
^g Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus ^h oblitus actor

NOTES.

which the playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention, the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the champion.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcaes.

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!

“But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. 335

“What shook the stage, and made the people stare?”

‘Cato’s long wig, flow’r’d gown, and lacquer’d chair.

Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,

Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,

Let me for once presume t’ instruct the times, 340

To know the poet from the man of rhymes:

’Tis he, ^l who gives my breast a thousand pains,

Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;

Inrage, compose, with more than magic art,

With pity, and with terror, tear my heart; 345

And snatch me, o’er the earth, or thro’ the air,

To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

^m But not this part of the poetic state

Alone, deserves the favour of the great:

Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely 350

More on a reader’s sense, than gazer’s eye.

Or who shall wander where the muses sing?

Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?

Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.

Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?

ⁱ *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusem,

Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;

Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur

Ire poeta; ^l meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

^m *Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,*

Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,

How shall we fill ^a a library with wit,
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355
 My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
 We ^b poets are (upon a poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
 The ^c season, when to come, and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience, just like other men.
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
 A ^d single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365
 Repeat ^e unask'd; lament, the ^f wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.

Curam impende brevem: si ^a munus Apolline dignum
 Vis complere libris; et vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

^b Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,
 (Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
^c Solicito damus, aut fesso: cum laedimur, ^d unum
 Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:
 Cum loca jam ^e recitata revolvimus irrevocati:
 Cum ^f lamentamur non apparere labores

NOTES.

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine library then building by Augustus.

VER. 355.] *Merlin's Cave*] A building in the royal gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice collection of books.

But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write epistles to the king;
 And ^s from the moment we oblige the town, 370
 Expect a place, or pension from the crown;
 Or dubb'd historians by express command,
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
 As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet ^h think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown)
 Ah think, what poet best may make them known?
 Or chuse at least some minister of grace,
 Fit to bestow the ⁱ laureat's weighty place.

^l Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care; 381

Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo;
 Cum ^s speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
 Arcessas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
 Sed tamen est ^h operae pretium cognoscere, quales
 Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
 Virtus, ⁱ indigno non committenda poetae.

^l Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo
 Splendida facta linunt, idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se praeter Apellem
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret aera

And great ^m Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
 But kings in wit may want discerning spirit. 385
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
 Which made old Ben, and surely Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a ^a Russian bear."

Not with such ^b majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The forms august, of king, or conqu'ring chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Maconian wing,
 Your ^c arms, your actions, your repose to sing! 395
 What ^d seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How ^e barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
 And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!

Fortis ^m Alexandri vultum simulantia. quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares;
^a Boeotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
 Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetae;*]

Nec magis expressi ^b vultus per ahenea signa,
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallet
 Repentes per humum, ^c quam res componere gestas,
 Terrarumque ^d situs et flumina dicere, et arces
 Montibus impositas, et ^e barbara regna, tuisque

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And ^g Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
 But ^h verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
 And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains: 405
 The zeal of ⁱ fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say ^l I bite.
 A vile ^m encomium doubly ridicules: 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a ^a woful likeness; and if lyes,
 "Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
 Well may he ^b blush, who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415

Auspiciis totum ^f confecta duella per orbem,
 Claustraque ^f custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
 Et ^g formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque par-
 vum

^h Carmen majestas recipit tua; nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
 Sedulitas autem ⁱ stulte, quem diligit, urget;
 Praecipue cum se numeris commendat et arte.
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod quis ^l deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
 Nil moror ^m officium, quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
 In ^a pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
 Ne ^b rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una

(Like ^c Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Cum ^c ſcriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's friend!

You love a verse, take such as I can send.

^b A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois:

"Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!

"My only son, I'd have him see the world; 6

"His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.

"Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.

"Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

"Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please:

"A perfect genius at an op'ra-song— 11

"To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;

"His whole ambition was to serve a lord;

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,

^b Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et

"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;

"Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;

"Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti

"Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:

"Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.

"Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aeque

" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15

" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.

" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,

" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry :

" The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,

" (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal. 20

^c If, after this, you took the graceless lad,

Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?

Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,

I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;

Who sent the thief that stole the cash, away, 25

And punish'd him that put it in his way.

^d Consider then, and judge me in this light;

I told you when I went, I could not write;

" Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.

" Res urget me nulla : meo sum pauper in aere.

" Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi : non temere a me

" Quivis ferret idem : semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)

" In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae :

" Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga laedit.

^c Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.

Prudens emisisti vitiosum : dicta tibi est lex.

Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

^d Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi

Talibus officiis prope mancum : ne mea saevus

NOTES.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent justice of peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha.

You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws, to which you gave your own assent? 30
 Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

^c In ANNA's wars, a soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:

Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.

This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd }
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind. }

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.

"Prodigious well;" his great commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and it's no great matter) 45

Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.

Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura

Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam, quod
 Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

^c Luculli miles collecta viatica multis

Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem

Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

Praesidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,

Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.

Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,

Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.

Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere praetor

" Go on, my friend (he cry'd,) see yonder walls!
 " Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 " More honours, more rewards, attend the brave,"
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 " D'ye think me, noble gen'ral, such a sot? 50
 " Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

f Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
 Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad: 55
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
 But knottier points we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
 And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.

Nescio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
 Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem:
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid stas?
 Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, " Ibit,
 " Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.

f Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
 Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
 Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
 Atque inter silvas Academi quaerere verum.
 Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;
 Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,

For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind; 65
 And me, the muses help'd to undergo it;
 Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.

8 Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away;
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend: 75
 This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
 Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
 Decisus humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
 Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
 Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem,
 Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutae,
 Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?

9 Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;
 Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
 Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, physician to Bedlam Hospital.

^h But after all, what would you have me do? 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two;
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. 85
 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

ⁱ But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
 Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
 My counsel sends to execute a deed:
 A poet begs me I will hear him read:
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there,—
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square— 95
 Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
 There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—

^h Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
 Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
 Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
 Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
 Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
 Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

ⁱ Praeter caetera me Romaene poemata censes
 Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
 Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
 Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
 Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

“ Oh but a wit can study in the streets,
 “ And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”
 Not quite so well however as one ought; 100
 A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guild-hall’s narrow pass,
 Two aldermen dispute it with an ass? 105
 And peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev’n to their own s-r-v—nce in a car?
¹ Go, lofty poet! and in such a croud,
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas! to grotto’s and to groves we run, 110
 To ease and silence, ev’ry muse’s son:
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl’s-Court.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. “ Verum
 “ Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstat.”
 Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:
 Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
 Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
 Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.
¹ I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.
 Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,
 Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.
 Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

NOTES.

VER. 113. Tooting—Earl’s-Court.] Two villages within
 a few miles of London.

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?

How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

^m The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat, 116
To books and study gives sev'n years compleat.

See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:

So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,

Stept from its pedestal to take the air!

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,

With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;

Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125

Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?

^a The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;

With equal talents, these congenial souls

One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;

Each had a gravity would make you split, 131

And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.

Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?

^m Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit

Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hic ego rerum

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,

Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?

^a Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:

Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.

Quî minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?

" 'Twas, Sir, your law"—and " Sir, your eloquence,"
 " Yours, Cowper's manner——and yours, Talbot's
 " sense.

^b Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the nine,
 Dear Cibber ! never match'd one Ode of thine.
 Lord ! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
 No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
 " My dear Tibullus !" if that will not do,
 " Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :
 " Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145
 " And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race ;

^b Carmina compono, hic elegos ; mirabile visu,
 Caelatumque novem musis opus. aspice primum,
 Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
 spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.
 Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et procul audi,
 Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
 Caedimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
 Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
 Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius ; ille meo quis ?
 Quis, nisi Callimachus ? si plus adposcere visus ;
 Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
 Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
 Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto :

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
 To court applause by printing what I write: 130
 But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

^c In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long,
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men, who write such verse as we can read?
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place, 161
 Nay tho' at court (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
^d In downright charity revive the dead;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;

*Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,
 Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.*

^c *Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
 Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,
 Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.
 At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
 Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:
 Audebit quaecunque parem splendoris habebunt,
 Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
 Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae:
^d *Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,**

Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake;
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For use will father what's begot by sense) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line: 175
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
 "But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
 "As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 "If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool; 181
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
 Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas:
 Adsciscet nova, quae genitor produxerit usus:
 Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
 Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
 Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
 Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur, ut qui
 Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
 "Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
 Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
 Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,

There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord; 185
 Who, tho' the house was up, delighted fate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
 Not quite a mad-man, tho' a pasty fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they
 cur'd :

Whereat the gentleman began to stare— 194
 My friends ! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care !
 That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

^f Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
 Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
 There is a time when poets will grow dull: 200
 I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school :

In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque theatro :
 Caetera qui vitae fervaret munia recto
 More ; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Comis in uxorem ; posset qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo laeso non insanire lagenae :
 Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque relictus,
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
 Et redit ad sese : Pol me occidistis, amici,
 Non servâstis, ait ; cui sic extorta voluptas,
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

^f Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,

To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul. 205

^g Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Met and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I ask these sober questions of my heart.

^h If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."

ⁱ When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place 220
Indue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,

Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;

^g Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed verae numerosque modosque ediscere vitae.

Quocirca mecum loquor haec, tacitusque recordor:

^h Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphae,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâsti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

ⁱ Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui

Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatt'ers preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.

¹ If there be truth in law, and use can give 230
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All ^m Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own: 235
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;

*Rem di donârint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem?
At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.*

¹ Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et aere est,
Quaedam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; et villicus orbi,
Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum sentit.

^m das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,

Now, or long since, what difference will be found?

You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

^a Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen, 241

Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,

Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.

Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own 244

Half that the dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.

The laws of God, as well as of the land,

Abhor a perpetuity should stand:

Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r

^b Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,

Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250

By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Man? and for ever? wretch! what wou'dst thou have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

All vast possessions (just the same the case

Whether you call them villa, park, or chace) 255

Aut etiam supra nummorum millibus emtum.

Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?

^a *Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,*

Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis

Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.

Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adsita certis

Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam

^b *Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,*

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte suprema,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et haeres

Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:

Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

^c Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265
 There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

^d Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
 The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
 Why one like Bu—with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on, in court and parliament; 275

Quid vici profunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
 Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus
 Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

^c Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, tabellas,
 Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,
 Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

^d Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi
 Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
 Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
 Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:

One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
 Is known alone to that directing pow'r,
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
 That God of nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual: his great end the same.

‘ Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place:
 But sure no statute in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
 Divided between carelessness and care.
 ’Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
 Another, not to heed to treasure more;

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
 NATURAE DEUS HUMANAЕ, mortalis in unum-
 Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

‘ Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
 Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet haeres,
 Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem
 Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
 Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
 Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum.
 Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
 Ac potius, puer ut festis quinquatribus olim,
 Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.

Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.

295

f What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?

The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.

I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.

300

In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

g "But why all this of av'rice? I have none."

I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;

305

But does no other lord it at this hour,

As wild and mad? the avarice of pow'r?

Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?

Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?

With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,

310

Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,

In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?

f *Pauperies immunda procul procul absit: ego, utrum*

Nave ferar magna in parva; ferar unus et idem.

Non agimur tumidis velis aquilone secundo:

Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris.

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

g *Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam simul isto*

Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani

Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,

Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind? 315
Has life no founness, drawn so near its end;
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one? 321
^h Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drunk your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease, 326
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta?
Quid te exemta levat spinis de pluribus una?
^h Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

and to be a great blessing to the world.
I have been thinking much of late
of the great work that is before us
and of the great need of a new
spirit of prayer and devotion.
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THE
SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAULS's,
VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili*? scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et cunctes
Mollius? HOR.

THE
STATUTES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
Dean of St. Paul's,
REVISED.

Gold verum et nobilior Latinis scriptis legentes
Quærent, cum illis, non verum deus negavit
Veritatem naturæ magis fallax, et cunctis
Hoc, *McClintock*

S A T I R E II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
 This town, I had the sense to hate it too;
 Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
 One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
 That all beside, one pities, not abhors; 5
 As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
 It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:
 Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
 But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10
 Yet like the Papist's, is the poet's state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
 In all ill things, so excellently best,
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
 Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
 Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
 Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
 The thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
 Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.
 These write to lords, some mean reward to get, 25
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
 Those write because all write, and so have still
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
 As in some organs, puppets dance above,
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's
 charms
 Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;
 Rams, and slings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best artillery.
 And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30
 'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more :
 Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same ;
 For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs 35
 Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
 Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
 Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;
 Wicked as pages, who in early years
 Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears. 40
 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
 Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
 In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue,
 As his own things ; and they're his own, 'tis true,
 For if one eat my meat, though it be known
 The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
 to out-usure Jews,
 T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
 As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
 Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
 In which commandments large receipt they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
dence:

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass. 50
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows hearts;
Call himself barrister to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Coscus*, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new-benefic'd ministers, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wherefoe'er he goes
His title of barrister on ev'ry wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *

Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear:

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain :
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If PETER deigns to help you to your *own* :
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies !
 And what a solemn face, if he denies !
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only suretiship that brought 'em there. 70
 His *Office* keeps your parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire ;
 For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
 For not in chariots *Peter* puts his trust ;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80

More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd abbyes roar.
 Then sick with poetry, and possess'd with muse
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd ; but men which chuse
 Law practice for meer gain ; bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
 His hand still at a bill ; now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.

Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Nor more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 'Till, like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand:
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
 Or city-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, cov'nants, articles they draw,

Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in king's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in church-men's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.

Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95

Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;

So vast, our new divines, we must confess,

Are fathers of the church for writing less.

But let them write for you, each rogue impairs

The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires* : 100

No commentator can more flily pass

O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;

Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out

Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105

When doom'd to say his beads and Even-song;

But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,

Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause.

In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws

Affurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,

So huge that men (in our times forwardness)

Are fathers of the church for writing less.

These he writes not; nor for these written payes,

Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes

When *Luther* was profess'd, he did desire

Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a fryer

Each day his beads; but having left those laws,

Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clause)

But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires

The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,

As flily as any commentor goes by

Hard words, or sense; or, in divinity

As controverters in vouch'd texts, leave out

Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
doubt.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?

We see no new-built palaces aspire, 111
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115

Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;

That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals;

And all mankind might that just mean observe,

In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.

These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121

But oh! these works are not in fashion now:

Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,

Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;

Let no court sycophant pervert my sense, 126

Nor sly informer watch these words to draw

Within the reach of treason, or the law.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd heretofore

Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door,

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls

Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals

Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes

I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;

None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow

Good works as good, but out of fashion now,

Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draw

Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
 I've had my purgatory here betimes,
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
 The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
 I hop'd for no commission from his grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
 Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
 Yet went to court!—the dev'l would have it so.
 But, as the fool that in reforming days
 Would go to mass in jest (as story says)

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to court; but as Glare which did go

Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
 Who live at court, for going once that way!
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
 Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying travellers can feign. 31

To mafs in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 Two hundred markes, which is the statutes curse,
 Before he scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witlefs, and as false, as they
 Which dwell in court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came:
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
 Stranger than seven antiquaries studies,
 Than Africk monsters, Guianæ rarities,
 Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes massacre had sure been slain,

The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night, would swear him dropt out of the moon.
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And the wise justice starting from his chair
 Cry, by your priesthood tell me what you are?

Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good queen *Best*,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
 So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;

If he had liv'd then; and without help dies.
 When next the prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
 One, to whom the examining justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are?

His cloathes were strange, tho' coarse, and black,
 though bare,
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
 tongues,
 And only knoweth what to all states belongs,

Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
 The doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
 The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar: 55
 These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod?

Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
 But pedants motly tongue, soldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement:
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
 Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,

That all the shot of dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65
 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
 To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.
 What *Speech* esteem you most? "The *King's*, said I."
 But the best *words*?—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."
 You miss my aim; I mean the most acute 70
 And perfect *Speaker*?—"Onslow, past dispute."
 But, Sir, of writers? "Swift for closer style,
 "But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
 Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75
 Nay troth th' apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.
 Thus others talents having nicely shown, 80
 He came by sure transition to his own:

This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best linguist? and I feelily
 Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your apostles were
 Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
 By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
 Pity! you was not druggerman at Babel;
 For had they found a linguist half so good, 85
 I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.

“Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made:
 “Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
 “Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
 “The king would smile on you—at least the queen.
 Ah gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajol us— 90
 But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:
 And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way,
 Tho' in his pictures lust be full display'd,
 Few are the converts Aretine has made: 95
 And tho' the court show vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies,

That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been interpreter
 To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
 My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
 No more can princes courts (though there be few
 Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht lute-string squeaks, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of kings. At Westminster,

SAT. IV. V E R S I F I E D. 133

“ Oh ’tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
 “ To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!
 Then, happy man who shows the tombs! said I,
 He dwells amidst the royal family;
 He ev’ry day from king to king can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
 And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, ease and bread.
 “ Lord, Sir, a meer mechanic; strangely low,
 “ And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
 “ How elegant your Frenchmen?” Mine, d’ye mean?
 I have but one, I hope the fellow’s clean. 111
 “ Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
 “ Your only wearing is your Padua-foy.”
 Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
 And this you see is but my dishabille— 115
 Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.

Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
 Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
 Kings only: The way to it is Kings-street.
 He smack’d, and cry’d, He’s base, mechanique, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see
 I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
 Certes they are neatly cloath’d. I of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your grogram.

But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
 You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
 At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
 He asks, "What news? I tell him of new plays,
 New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125
 He hears, and as a still with simples in it
 Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little, and by little, drops his lies.
 Meer household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
 More than ten Hollinsheads, or Halls, or Stows. 131
 When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and
 A subtle minister may make of that: [what

Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly; I chaf'd him: but as itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
 He to another key his style doth dress;
 And asks what news; I tell him of new plays,
 He takes my hand, and as a still, which stayes
 A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As loth t' enrich me, so tells many a ly.
 More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows
 When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
 A subtle statesman may gather of that;

Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
 Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug: 135
 Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a bishop, or a whore:
 Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a government:
 Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure, 140
 And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
 Who makes a trust of charity a job,
 And gets an act of parliament to rob:
 Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
 Can gratis see the country, or the town: 145
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What lady's face is not a whited wall.

He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
 Halts to an office's reversion;
 Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
 Who loveth whores
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shells to transport;

shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some courtier; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what lady is not painted. Thus

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and fore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
 Trim's Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and post-boys o'er by heart. 155
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom:
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port. 165

He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid;
 That offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far

Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by. 175
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his prince's ear.

As the last day; and that great officers
 Do with the Spaniards share and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
 One of our giant statutes ope his jaw
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found
 That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine, to 'scape a torturing,

138 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE SAT. IV.

I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see 180
 All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
 Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense: 185
 Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
 A vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.
 Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.

And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jigg upon you: so did he
 With his long complimentary thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my crown; scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
 Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance

Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me: 195
 Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a liv'ry'd lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
 For huffing, braggart, puff nobility?
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh sun! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court? 205
 Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax!*
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:

It self o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at court and worse and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
 For th' huffing, braggart, puff nobility?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think he which made your ^a waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand

NOTES.

VER. 205. *Court in wax!*] A famous show of the court of France, in wax-work.

a A show of the Italian garden in wax-work, in the time of king James the First.

Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room; 215
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a king!" the flatt'rer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be king Lear's.

With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
Tast have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are; their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Presence*, and I (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cry the flatterers: and bring

NOTES.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a prizefighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in these days: It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

Our court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.

And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
Sail in the ladies: how each pyrate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!

Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:

"Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"

And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"

Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought, 235

Them next week to the theatre to sell.

Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well

At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks

(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,

Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now

The ladies come. As pirates (which do know

That there came weak ships fraught with cutchanel)

The men board them; and praise (as they think) well,

Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.

Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought

This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,

And women buy all red which scarlets dye.

He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:

She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.

'Twou'd burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
 To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin :
 The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools !
 Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;
 But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ; 245
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.
 Thus finish'd and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes, 250
 With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,

Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the presence were a mosque : and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate :
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes, and symmetry
 Perfect as circles, with such nicety
 As a young preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes

Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:

Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest*: 225

Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,

If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*

Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,

Just as one beauty mortifies another. 259

But here's the captain that will plague them both,

Whose air cries arm! whose very look's an oath:

The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,

Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.

He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,

Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door: 265

And with a face as red, and as awry,

As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,

Him not so much as good will, he arrests,

And unto her protests, protests, protests,

So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown

Ten cardinals into the *Inquisition*;

And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a

Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away

For saying our Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit

That they each other plague, they merit it.

But here comes glorious that will plague them both,

Who in the other extreme only doth

Call a rough carelessness, good fashion:

Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,

He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm

To him; he rushes in, as if arm, arm,

Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law. 270

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from jays to execution go;
 For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all: 275
 Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to tofs
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from goals to execution go,
 Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those *Askaparts*^a, men big enough to throw
Charing-Crofs for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but queens man, and fine
 Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,

NOTES.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly sins*] The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.

^a A giant famous in romances.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine :
Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine !
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure :
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears. 285
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away : although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.



EPILOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

ARTIST

BY THE

ARTIST





O Sacred Weapon, left for Truths Defence
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence!
To all but Heaven directed Hands denied
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.
Epic. to the Satyr

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelve-month you appear in
print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.

VARIATIONS.

After *y* 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good * * of whom so much was said.
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or like * * you'll lie a-bed too long.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a wit.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelve-month &c.*] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent censurer.

'Tis all from Horace; &c.

You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too *moral* for a wit.

Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—

Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?

'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter." 10

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;

Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice*:

Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*,

Blunt could do *bus'ness*, H-ggins *knew the Town*;

In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*,

In rev'rend bishops note some *small Neglects*,

And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,

Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king.

His sly, polite, insinuating style

Could please at court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:

An artful manager, that crept between

His friend and shame, and was a kind of *Screen*. 21

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Bubo observes*,] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation.

VER. 14. *H-ggins*] Formerly jaylor of the fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our ears*] Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the king his master.

VER. 22. *Screen*.]

Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

Tangit, et admissus circum praeordia ludit.

Perf.

DIAL. I. TO THE SATIRES. 151

But 'faith your very friends will soon be fore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought 25
 The great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir ROBERT—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
 And never laugh— for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r; 30
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
 The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;
 A joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*
 Who never chang'd his principle, or wig: 40

NOTES.

VER. 22. *Screen*.] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the court. Tho' some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name.

VER. 26. *The great man*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister.

VER. 31. *Seen him uncumber'd*] These two verses were originally in the poem, though omitted in all the first editions.

VER. 39. *A joke on Jekyl*,] Sir Joseph Jekyl, master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost

A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near 45
"His prince, that writes in verse and has his ear?"

Why, answer, *LYTTELTON*, and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in lord *Fanny's* case. 50
Sejanus, *Wolfey*, hurt not honest *FLEURY*,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more. 56

NOTES.

probity. He sometimes voted against the court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of *ONE* who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

VER. 47. *Why, answer, Lyttelton.*] George Lyttelton, secretary to the prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolfey.*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius, the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. § 137.

Ibid. Fleury.] Cardinal: and minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.

To vice and folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men
 At sense and virtue, balance all agen. 60
 Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
 And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
 Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
 Come, harmless characters that no one hit; 65
 Come Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit!
 The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!
 The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense, 70
 That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
 The S—te's and then H—vy's once agen.
 O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All boys may read, and girls may understand!
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense*;
 Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on CAROLINA's urn, 80

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Henley—Osborne,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad.

VER. 69. *The gracious dew*] Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author.

VER. 80. *Carolina*] Queen consort to king George II.

And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
 All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest!
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—
 And let, a God's name, ev'ry fool and knave 85
 Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
 For merit will by turns forsake them all;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all Satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave D—re.
 Silent and soft, as saints remove to Heav'n,
 All tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a king!
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
 There where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:

NOTES.

She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De—re!*] A title given *that* lord by king James II. He was of the bed-chamber to king William; he was so to king George I. he was so to king George II. *This* lord was very skilful in all the forms of the house, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.

DIAL. I. TO THE SATIRES. 155

But past the sense of human miseries, 101
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their
glory 105

Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
And when three sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex'd,
Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings; 110

And at a peer, or peerefs shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of *Vice* be lost?

Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke, 115
Swear like a lord, or Rich out-whore a duke?

A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?

Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will? 120

Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. in some editions,
Who starves a mother,

NOTES.

VER. 115. *Cibber's son*,—*Rich*] Two players: look for
them in the Dunciad.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious foolish book

But shall a printer, weary of his life, 125
 Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a nation's care:
 This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on *Gin*. 130
 Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
 Out-do Landaffe in doctrine,—yea in life:
 Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may chuse the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140

NOTES.

called *the Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died.

VER. 124. *Passeran!*] Author of another, called *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*.

VER. 125. *But shall a printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people till it was restrained by an act of parliament in 1736.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied.

DIAL. I. TO THE SATIRES. 157

Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth :
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a whore ;
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more, 144
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless ;
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,
 And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws,
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo ! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragg'd in the dust ! his arms hang idly round,
 His flag inverted trails along the ground !
 Our youth all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold, 155
 Before her dance : behind her, crawl the old !
 See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son !
 Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim, 159
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
 'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more !
 See, all our nobles begging to be slaves !
 See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves !
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore :
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law :
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
 " Nothing is sacred now but villany." 170
 Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

E P I L O G U E

TO THE

S A T I R E S.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

D I A L O G U E II.

FR.

TIS all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to morrow faith it
may;

And for that very cause I print to day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'rence to the sins of *Thirty nine!*

Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash; 10
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.

Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?

Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfn'd,

Spread thy broad wing, and souce on all the kind. 15

NOTES.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the malefactors, and is often prevail'd upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.

Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend atheists. F. Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt, 20
I never nam'd; the town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning dame——F. You mean——P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what; 26
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires, 30
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?

F. A dean, Sir? no: his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade. 35

P. If not the tradesman who set up to day,
Much less the 'prentice who to morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild*;
Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
Go drench a pick-pocket, and join the mob.

NOTES.

VER. 39. *wretched Wild*,] Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
 The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
 Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
 The poor and friendless villain, than the great? 45
 Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
 Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
 Then better sure it charity becomes
 To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
 Still better, ministers; or, if the thing 50
 May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.
 F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
 Who now that obsolete example fears? 56
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
 You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?
 God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
 When I confess, there is who feels for fame, 64
 And melts to goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name?

NOTES.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears,*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery: and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and knight of the garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his

DIAL. II. TO THE SATIRES. 181

Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for *PELHAM's* love)
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my *Craggs* anew!

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert; 70
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a heart,
Manners with candour are to *Benson* giv'n;
To *Berkley*, ev'ry virtue under heav'n.

But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love: 75
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus *SOMMERS* once, and *HALIFAX*, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I study'd *SHREWSBURY*, the wise and great:

NOTES.

Steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of master of the horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.

VER. 66. *Esher's peaceful grove,*] The house and gardens of *Esler* in *Surry*, belonging to the honourable Mr. *Pelham*, brother of the duke of *Newcastle*. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr. *Craggs*.

VER. 77. *Sommers*] John lord *Sommers* died in 1716. He had been lord keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness.

VER. 77. *Halifax*] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of queen *Anne's* ministry.

VER. 79. *Shrewsbury,*] Charles Talbot, duke of *Shrewsbury*.

CARLETON'S calm sense, and STANHOPE'S noble
flame, 80

Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same:
How pleasing ATTERBURY'S softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PUL'TNEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit: 85

ARGYLL, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field:
Or WYNDHAM, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own. 89

Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their
train;

And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say! no follower, but a friend.

Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue*; where she shines, I praise: 95

NOTES.

bury, had been secretary of state, ambassador in France, lord lieutenant of Ireland, lord chamberlain, and lord treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

VER. 80. *Carleton*] Hen. Boyle, lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was secretary of state under William III. and president of the council under Q. Anne.

Ibid. Stanhope] James earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and secretary of state.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, chancellor of the Exchequer under queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper.

Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)

Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.

Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)

Have still a secret byass to a knave: 101

To find an honest man I beat about,

And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse. 105

But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;

Each mother asks it for her booby son,

Each widow asks it for the *Best of Men*,

For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.

Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110

The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

Enough for half the greatest of these days,

To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.

Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?

Dare they to hope a poet for their friend? 115

What RICH LIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,

And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

No pow'r the muse's friendship can command;

No pow'r when virtue claims it, can withstand:

To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line; 120

O let my country's friends illumin mine!

—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no
sin,

I think your friends are out, and would be in.

NOTES.

VER. 99. *my Lord May'r*] Sir John Barnard,

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lie.

COBHAM's a coward, POLWARTH is a slave, 130

And LYTTTELTON a dark, designing knave,

ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy fool—

But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,

Has never made a friend in private life,

And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?

Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,

Oh all-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spurgall'd hackney of the day, 140

When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,

Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend

To break my windows if I treat a friend;

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt, 144

But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?

Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules

Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said

His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

NOTES.

VER. 130. *Polwarth*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patric earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty.

DIAL. II. TO THE SATIRES. 165

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155
Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold Sir! for God's-sake where's th' affront to you?
Against your worship when had S—k writ?

Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend 160

[*In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend*]

To W—le guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery be-dropt the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown. 165

And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came; }

Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame, }

Since the whole house did afterwards the same. }

Let courtly wits to wits afford supply, 171

As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;

If one, thro' nature's bounty or his lord's,

Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,

NOTES.

VER. 160. *the bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W.

VER. 164. *The priest, &c.*] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests.

VER. 166. *And how did, &c.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made y^e 71. of the preceding dialogue.

From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
 The last full fairly gives it to the *House*. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does flatt'ry mine;
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in!
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staring reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
 Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

NOTES.

VER. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epistle to lord Bathurst.

When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence, 201
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave: 206
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice and insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal; 216
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains, 220
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The muse's wing shall brush you all away:

NOTES.

VER. 204. *And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.*]
From Terence: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum
"puto."

VER. 222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against vir-
tue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide
the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun.

All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings, 224
 All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings.
 All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
 Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
 A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar, 230
 Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Virtue's*
 shrine,
 Her priestess muse forbids the good to die,
 And opes the temple of *Eternity*. 235

VARIATIONS.

After ψ 227. in the MS.

Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?
 — With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
 Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
 How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
 Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low
 As to the regal-touch, and papal-toe;
 Hence haughty Edgar's title to the main,
 Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

VER. 228. *When black ambition, &c.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (ψ 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) "il a fait un
 "astre de la plume blanche que le roy porte ordinairement
 "à son chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de comète, fatale
 "à nos ennemis."

There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
 Far other stars than * and * * wear,
 And may descend to Mordington from STAIR :
 (Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd mitre shine, 240
 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine)
 Let *Envy* howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
 And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
 Let *Flatt'ry* lick'ning see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies: 245
 Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
 When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
 Here, last of Britons ! let your names be read; 250
 Are none, none living ? let me praise the dead,
 And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
 Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

NOTES.

VER. 237. *Anstis*] The chief herald at arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.

VER. 239. *Stair* ;] John Dalrymple earl of Stair, knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as ambassador in France.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough bishop of Worcester, and the lord Digby. The one an assertor of the church of England in opposition to the false measures of king James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that king. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

VARIATIONS.

VER. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write *Essays on Man*.

NOTES.

VER. *ult.*] This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.

On receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH and TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
" And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
" Take at this hand celestial arms :

" Secure the radiant weapons wield ;
" This golden lance shall guard desert,
" And if a vice dares keep the field,
" This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky ;
And dipt them in the fable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

" What *Well*? what *Weapon*? (Flavia cries)
" A standish, steel and golden pen !
" It came from Bertrand's, not the skies ;
" I gave it you to write again.

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whose great Merit
Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating.

" But, friend, take heed whom you attack ;
" You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
" Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as smooth again on glass,
" And run, on ivory, so glib,
" As not to stick at fool or ass,
" Nor stop at flattery or fib.

" *Athenian Queen!* and *sober charms!*
" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't :
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ;
" In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
" That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
" I'll list you in the harmless roll
" Of those that sing of these poor eyes."



N O T E S

B Y

Mr. W A R B U R T O N.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

VER. 1. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

VER. 13. *Mint.*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

VER. 80. *That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible.

VER. 92. *The creature's at his dirty work again,*] This *metamorphosing*, as it were, the *Scribler* into a *Spider* is much more poetical than a comparison would have been. But Poets should be cautious how they employ this figure; for where the likeness is not very striking, instead of giving force, they become obscure. Here, every thing concurs to make them run into one another. They both *spin*; not from the *head* [reason] but from the *guts* [passions and prejudices] and such a *thread* that can entangle none but creatures weaker than themselves.

VER. 98. *free-masons Moore?*] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions.

VER. 118. *Sir, you have an Eye*] It is remarkable that amongst these compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing.

It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none.

Notes on the Variations after ψ 124. in the MS. Curl set up his head for a sign. ψ 125. His father was crooked. ψ 127. His mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

VER. 164. *flashing Bently*] This great man, with all his faults, deserved to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero describe him not amiss. "Habuit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis versutum et solers: sed saepe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum."

VER. 169. *Pretty in amber, &c.*] The wit and imagery of this passage has been much and justly admired. The most detestable things in nature, as a toad, or a beetle, become pleasing when well represented in a work of art. But it is no less eminent for the beauty of the thought. For though a scribler *exists* by being thus incorporated, yet he *exists intombed*, a lasting monument of the wrath of the Muses.

VER. 173. *Were others angry:*] The Poets.

VER. 174. — *I gave them but their due.*] Our Author always found those he commended less *sensible* than those he reproved. The reason is plain. He gave the latter *but their due*; and the other thought they had no more.

VER. 186. *Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:*] A case common both to Poets and Critics of a certain order; only with this difference, that the Poet writes himself out of his own meaning; and the Critic never gets into another man's. Yet both keep going on, and *blundering round about* their subject, as benighted people are wont to do, who seek for an entrance which they cannot find.

VER. 189. *All these, my modest satire bad translate,*] See their works, in the Translations of classical books by several hands.



VER. 190. — *nine such Poets, &c.*] Alluding, not to the nine Muses, but to nine Taylors.

VER. 192. *And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following transition; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourably of the severity of the satire, by those who were strangers to the provocation.

Note on Variations after y 208. in MS. Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad.

VER. 212. *And wonder with a foolish face of praise—*] when men, out of flattery, extol what they are conscious they do not understand, as is sometimes the case of men of education, the fear of praising in the wrong place is likely enough to give a *foolish* turn to the air of an embarrassed countenance.

VER. 213. *Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?*] While a Character is *unapplied*, all the various parts of it will be considered together; and if the assemblage of them be as incoherent as in this before us, it cannot fail of being the object of a malignant pleasantry.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before gained our love or esteem; then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation: our old impressions get the better of our new, or, at least, suffer themselves to be no further impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falshood, which some of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his works.

VER. 251. *So when a Statesman &c.*] Notwithstanding

this ridicule on the *public* necessities of the Great, our Poet was candid enough to confess that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their *private* may. For (when uninfected by the *neighbourhood of Party*) he speaks of those distresses much more dispassionately.

Our Ministers like Gladiators live,

'Tis half their bus'ness blows to ward, or give;

The good their virtue would effect, or sense,

Dies between Exigents and Self-defence.

MS.

Note on Variations after y 270. in the MS. By not making the *World his School* he means, he did not form his system of morality, on the principles or practice of men in business,

VER. 295. *Who has the vanity to call you friend, Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;*] When a great Genius, whose writings have afforded the world much pleasure and instruction, happens to be enviously attacked, or falsely accused, it is natural to think, that a sense of gratitude for so agreeable an obligation, or a sense of that honour resulting to our Country from such a Writer, should raise amongst those who *call themselves his friends*, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience shews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant satisfaction in the attack; others a foolish pleasure in a literary conflict; and the far greater part look on with a selfish indifference.

VER. 320. *Half froth,*] Alluding to those *frothy* excretions, called by the people, *Toad-spits*, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which lie hid in the midst of them, for their preservation, while in their helpless state.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long.*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris. "I intend to send you two or three poems

“ of Mr. Pope, the best poet of England, and at present of
 “ all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with
 “ the English tongue, to be sensible of all the charms of
 “ his works. For my part, I look upon his poem called
 “ the *Essay on Criticism* as superior to the *Art of Poetry* of
 “ Horace; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion,
 “ above the *Lutrin* of Despreaux. I never saw so amiable
 “ an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety, so
 “ much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as
 “ in this little performance.” *MS. Let. 87. 15, 1726.*

VER. 341. *But stoop'd to truth*] The term is from falconry; and the allusion to one of those untamed birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *stoops to*, its prey.

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates*] What force and elegance of expression! which, in one word, conveys to us the *physical* effects of sound, and the *moral* effects of an often repeated scandal.

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!*] This line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steady Virtue, mixed with a modest concern for his being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it, which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

VER. 379. *except his Will;*] Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgell, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

VER. 390. A. *What fortune, pray?*] His friend's personating *the Town* in this place, and assuming its impertinent curiosity, gives great spirit to the ridicule of the question.—Julian has a parallel stroke, in his sarcastic discourse to the people of Antioch, where he tells them a story out of Plutarch, concerning Cato; who, when he came near their City, found their youth under arms, and the magistrates in their robes of Office. On which alighting, in an ill humour

with his friends, who he imagined had informed them of his approach, the master of the ceremonies came up, and, advancing before the company, accosted him in this manner; "Stranger, how far off is Demetrius?" *Now this Demetrius (says Julian) was one of Pompey's freedmen, and immensely rich. You will ask me what he was worth; for I know nothing so likely to excite your curiosity. Why, truly, for this, you must consult Demophilas the Bithynian, whose anecdotes turn chiefly upon subjects of this high importance.*

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF

H O R A C E.

I M I T A T E D.

S A T I R E I.

VER. 3. *Scarce to wise Peter—Chartres*] It has been commonly observed of the English, that a rogue never goes to the Gallows without the pity of the Spectators, and their parting curses on the rigour of the Laws that brought him thither: and this has been as commonly ascribed to the *good nature* of the people. But it is a mistake. The true cause is their hatred and envy of power. Their compassion for Dunces and Scoundrels (when exposed by great writers to public contempt, either in justice to the age, or in vindication of their own Characters) has the same source. They cover their envy to a superior genius, in lamenting the severity of his Pen.

VER. 7. *Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe.*] The delicacy of this does not so much lie in the ironical application of it to himself, as in its seriously characterising the Person for whose advice he applies.

VER. 12. *Not write? &c.*] He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer.

Percam male, si non

Optimum erat,

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of
verum nequeo dormire.

For conciseness, when it is clear (as in this place) gives the highest grace to elegance of expression. — But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it.

VER. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our English poets, except Milton* (says he, in a letter to Mr. Locke) *have been mere ballad-makers in comparison of him.* And Mr. Locke, in answer to this observation, replies, *I find, with pleasure, a strange Harmony throughout, between your Thoughts and mine.* Just so a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Historian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for poetasters to the world's end.

VER. 28. *falling Horse?*] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France fled before him.

VER. 39. *Abuse the City's best good men in metre,*] The best good Man, a City phrase for the richest. *Metre*—not used here, purely to help the verse, but to shew what it is a Citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence.

VER. 41. *What should ail them?*] Horace hints at one reason, *that each fears his own turn may be next;* his imitator gives *another,* and with more art, a reason which insinuates, that his very lenity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his Enemies.

VER. 50. *Like in all else, as one Egg to another.*] This has neither the justness nor elegance of

ovo prognatus eodem.

For tho' it may appear odd, that those *who come from the same Egg* should have tempers and pursuits directly contrary; yet there is nothing strange, that two Brothers, *alike in all things else*, should have different amusements.

VER. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:]* They had this, indeed, in common, to use great liberties of speech, and to profess saying what they thought. Montagne had *many* qualities, that had gained him the love and esteem of his readers: The other had *one*, which always gained him the favourable attention of his hearers. For as a celebrated Roman Orator observes, "Maledicit *INERUDITUS* apertius et saepius, cum periculo etiam *suo*. Afferet et ista res *OPINIONEM*, quia libentissime homines audiunt ea quae dicere *ipsi* nolissent."

VER. 56. *the medium must be clear.]* Allusion to a fountain of limpid water, thro' which the contents of the bottom are discovered. This thought assisted him in the easy and happy change of the metaphor in the following line.

VER. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,]* Inferior to the Original:

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris, &c.

Persius alluded to this idea when he said,

Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle! &c.

VER. 64. *Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will, Papist or Protestant, &c.]* The original thought (which is very flat, and so ill and awkwardly expressed, as to be taken for a monkish Addition) is here admirably imitated, in a lively character of himself, and his Writings.

VER. 69. *Satire's my Weapon]* In these Words our Author has happily explained the true Character of Horace's ironical Apology, which is to this purpose: Nature, says he, has given all Creatures the means of *offence* and *defence*: The wolf has teeth, the bull has horns, and I have a talent for satire. And, at the same time that he vindi-

states his claim to this his *natural* weapon, *Satire*, he shews its moral use; it was to oppose to the noxious qualities which nature had given *Cervius* for *informing*, *Canidia* for *poisoning*, and *Turius* for *passing sentence*. The turn of this ludicrous argumentation is fine and delicate; and we find his Imitator saw the whole force of it.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors, &c.*] Superior to,
tutus ab infestis latronibus,

which only carries on the metaphor in
ensis

Vagina tectus,

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the subject, by presenting the reader with the several objects of satire.

VER. 72. *Thieves, Supercargoes,*] The names, at that time, usually bestowed on those whom the trading Companies sent with their Ships, and intrusted with their concerns, abroad.

VER. 73. *Save but our Army, &c.*] " Une maladie nouvelle (says the admirable Author de *L'esprit des Loix*) s'est répandue en Europe; elle a saisi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre d'ordonné de Troupes. Elle a ses redoublemens, et elle devient nécessairement contagieuse. Car si-tot qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle ses Troupes, les autres soudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu'on ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruïne commune. Chaque Monarque tient sur pied toutes les Armées qu'il pourroit avoir si ses Peuples étoient en danger d'être exterminés; et on nomme Paix cet état d'effort de tous contre tous. Aussi l'Europe est-elle si ruinée, que les particuliers, qui seroient dans la situation où sont les trois Puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec les Richesses et le commerce de tout l'Univers; et bientôt, à force d'avoir des Soldats, nous n'aurons plus que des Soldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares."

VER. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her bate.*] There seems to be more spirit here than in the original. But it is hard to pronounce with certainty. For tho' one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum; yet there might be something, for ought we know, in the Character or History of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the spirit and poignancy of the 82d verse of the Imitation.

VER. 84—90. *Its proper power to hurt, &c.*] All, except the two last lines, inferior to the elegance and precision of the Original.

VER. 93—96. *Whether old age—shade*] The Original is more finished, and even sublime. Besides, the last verse—*To wrap me in the universal shade*, has a languor and redundancy unusual with our author.

VER. 97. *Whether the darken'd room——Or whiten'd wall——*] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Original

Quisquis erit vitæ color.

VER. 104. *Will club their Testers, &c.*] The image is exceeding humourous, and, at the same time, betrays the injustice of their resentment in the very circumstance of their indulging it; as it shews the Poet had said no more of their avarice, than what was true. Our Author's abundance of Wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for Humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with ease, and the other is always placed with propriety.

VER. 105—120. *What? arm'd for Virtue, &c.*] This is not only superior to Horace, but equal to any thing in himself.

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Because just *Satire* is an useful supplement to the functions of *Law* and *Religion*; and has, therefore, a claim

to the protection of those who preside in the administration either of church or state.

VER. 111. *Could pension'd Boileau——Could Laureate Dryden*] It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times, and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Laelius; it was Mr. Pope's, to satirize the present, and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the instances are equally pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis,
loses something of its spirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Laelius.

VER. 133. *Envy must own, &c.*] Horace makes the point of honour to consist simply in his living familiarly with the Great,

Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia.

Our poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the footing of an honest man.—He prided himself in this superiority, as appears from the following words, in a letter to Dr. Swift, "To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater." *Let. VII. Jan. 12, 1723.*

VER. 146. *A man was bang'd, &c.*] *Si mala condiderit—* A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. "L'Aristocratie est le Gouvernement qui proscriit les plus les Ouvrages satiriques. Les Magistrats y sont de petits souverains, qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mepriser les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Monarque, il est si haut que le trait n'arrive point jusqu'à lui; une Seigneur Aristocratique en est percé de part en part. Aussi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Aristocratie, punirent-ils de mort les Ecrits Satiriques." De L'Esprit des Loix; L. xii. c. 13.

VER. 150. *Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed! But grave Epistles, &c.*] The legal objection is here more justly and decently taken off than in the Original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble,

Esto, si quis mala, sed bona si quis.

But the Imitator's *grave Epistles* shew the *satire* to be a serious reproof, and therefore justifiable; which the *integer ipse* of the Original does not: for however this might plead in mitigation of the offence, nothing but their being *grave Epistles* could justify the attack.

VER. 152. F. *Indeed?* Hor.

Solventur risu tabulae.

Some Critics tell us, it is want of taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his Friend's character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as soon as SIR ROBERT, the Patron both of Law and Gospel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Case is altered*. Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his Uncle, to confess *the Case was altered?*

S A T I R E II.

VER. 5. *a gilt Buffet's reflected pride—Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;*] More forcibly and happily expressed than the original *acclinis falcis*; tho' that be very elegant.

VER. 9. BETHEL.] The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed.

VER. 27. *Ob blast it, South-winds!*] This has not the force, nor gives us the pleasant allusion in the original, *equite*.

VER. 43. *Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish]* There is force and humour in *dixerit* and *parebit*, which the imitation does not reach.

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch.*] Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingsgate, which Horace seems not to have learnt.

VER. 79, 80. *The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines—
To seem but mortal ev'n in sound Divines.*] Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the soul. He therefore describes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato, affigit humo divinae particulam auræ.

To *this* his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more sobriety and judgment, has turned the ridicule, from the Doctrine, which he believed, upon those Preachers of it, whose feasts and computations in Taverns did not edify him: and so has added surprizing humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the Original.

VER. 81. *On morning wings, &c.*] Much happier and nobler than the Original.

VER. 86. *Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;* A fine ridicule on the extravagance of human pursuits; where the most trifling and most important concerns of life succeed one another, indifferently.

VER. 117, 118. *Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store, How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?*]

Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite?

is here admirably paraphrased. And it is observable in these *Imitations*, that where our Poet keeps to the sentiments of Horace, he rather piques himself in excelling the most finished touches of his Original, than in correcting or improving the more inferior parts. Of this elegance of ambition all his Writings bear such marks, that it gave countenance to an invidious imputation, as if his chief talent lay in copying finely. But if ever there was an inventive genius in Poetry it was Pope's. But his fancy was so corrected by his judgment, and his imitation so spirited by his genius, that what he *improved* struck the vulgar eye more strongly than what he *invented*.

VER. 122. *As M**o's was, &c.*] I think this light stroke of satire ill placed; and hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said

cur, Improbe! carac

Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo.

He remembered, and hints with just indignation, at those luxurious Patricians of his old party; who, when they had agreed to establish a fund in the cause of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient for the support of so great a cause. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Augustus:

quare

Templa ruunt antiqua Deum?

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a just stroke of satire.

VER. 179. *Let lands and houses, &c.*] The turn of his imitation, in the concluding part, obliged him to diversify the sentiment. They are equally noble: but Horace's is expressed with the greater force.

E P I S T L E I.

VER. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse,*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described: stiff, and not strong; stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humourously opposed to Pegasus.

VER. 58. *Between the Fits—*] The sense of
magnum morbi deponere partem
is here very happily expressed. And

Ter pure lecto etc.

in the following line, as happily varied. But the whole

passage, which describes the use and efficacy of satire, is admirably imitated.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!*] Tho' this has all the spirit, it has not all the imagery of the Original; where Horace makes Poverty pursue, and keep pace with the Miser in his flight.

Per mare Pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.
But what follows,

Wilt thou do nothing, &c.
far surpasses the Original.

VER. 77. *Here Wisdom calls: &c.*] All from hence to *ψ 110*, is a pretty close translation: but in general done with so masterly a spirit, that the Original, tho' one of the most finished passages in Horace, looks only like the imitation of it.

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.
which only says, *that as silver is of less value than gold, so Gold is of less value than Virtue*: in which simple inferiority, and not the proportion of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's purpose, as it is to common sense, to suppose, that Virtue was but just as much better than gold, as gold is better than silver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his constant object, *conciseness*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this absurd meaning.

VER. 82. *From low St. James's up to high St. Paul,*] i. e. This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

VER. 83. *From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,*] They who do not take the delicacy of this satire, may think the figure of *standing quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint; but it has an exquisite beauty, insinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal as the shafts of a Parthian. — *Quiver'd at his ear*, which describes the position it is usually found in, alludes

to the custom of the American canibals, who make use of their hair (tied in a knot on the top of their heads) for a quiver for their *poison'd* arrows.

VER. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer Tallies.

VER. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass;*] *Hic murus aheneus esto.*

Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was scandalized, that the ancient Scholiasts had not explained what Horace meant by *a wall of brass*; for, says Dacier, "Chacun se fait des" *difficultes à sa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnées à son goût*:" he then sets himself in good earnest about this important inquiry; and, by a passage in Vegetius, luckily discovers, that it signified an *old veteran* armed cap-a-pie in *brass*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily served himself of this impertinence to convey a very fine stroke of satire.

VER. 97. *And say, &c.*] These four lines greatly superior to any thing in the Original.

VER. 117. *Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out.*] This expression is used for the joke's sake; but it hurts his *moral*; which is, that *they come out beasts*. He should here have stuck to the terms of his Original, *vestigia omnia te adversum spectantia*.

VER. 118. *Adieu to Virtue, &c.*] These two lines are intended for the application or moral of a fable, which needed no explaining; so that, they impair the *grace* of it, at best, inferior to his Original. For Horace speaks of the common people, *Populus Romanus*, to whom one of Aesop's Fables was properly addressed: but, this is too simple a method of conveying truth to the *well-drest Rabble of St. James's*.

VER. 124. *Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold, Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:*] Here the argument suffers a little for the sake of the satire. The reason why the People should not be followed is because

Belua multorum est caput, nam quid sequar, aut quem?

they are so divers in their pursuits (says Horace) that one cannot follow this man without being condemned by that. The imitator says, they all go on one common principle, *the lust of gold*. This inaccuracy, tho' Horace has a little of it, yet he has however artfully disguised it, by speaking of the various objects of this one Passion, *avarice*, as of so many various passions,

Pars hominum gestit conducere publica : sunt qui, &c.

Crustis et pomis

Multis occulto, &c.

but his imitator has unwarily drawn them to a point, by the introductory addition of the two lines above,

Alike in nothing, &c.

VER. 143. *Now let some whimsy, &c.*] This is very spirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the original,

Cui si vitiosa Libido

Fecerit auspicium

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can reach.

VER. 155. *They change their weekly Barber, &c.*] These six lines much more spirited than the original. In Horace, the people's inconstancy of temper is satirized only in a simple exposure of the case. Here the ridicule on the folly is heightened by an humourous picture of the various objects of that inconstancy.

VER. 182. *when plunder'd*] i. e. By the Public; which has rarely her revenge on her plunderers; and when she has, more rarely knows how to use it.

E P I S T L E VI.

VER. 3. *dear MURRAY,*] This piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of excellence. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great

Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither Vanity, Party, nor Fear, had any share; so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true Friendship.

VER. 6. *stars that rise and fall,*] The original is,
decedentia certis

Tempora momentis

which words simply and literally signify, *the change of seasons*. But this change being considered as an object of admiration, his imitator has judiciously expressed it in the more sublime figurative terms of

Stars that rise and fall.

by whose courses the seasons are marked and distinguished.

VER. 8. *trust the Ruler with his skies. To him commit the hour,*] Our Author, in these imitations, has been all along careful to correct the loose morals, and absurd divinity of his Original.

VER. 22. *Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse, Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.*] The elegance of this is superior to the Original. The *curse* is the *same* (says he) *whether we joy or grieve*. Why so? Because, in either case, the man is *surprized*, hurried off, and led away captive.

(The good or bad to one extreme betray

Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and *snatch the Man away*.)

This happy advantage, in the imitation, arises from the ambiguity of the word *surprize*.

VER. 30. *Procure a TASTE to double the surprize.*] This is one of those superior touches that most ennoble a perfect piece. He speaks here of *false taste*, as appears by his directions how to get it, and how to use it when got. *Procure a taste*, says he. That is, of the Virtuosi; whose science you are to *buy* for that purpose: for *true taste*, which is from nature, comes of itself. And how are you to use it? Not to cure you of that bane of life, *admiration*, but to raise

and inflame it, by *doubling your surprize*. And this a *false taste* will always do; there being none so given to raptures as the *Virtuoso-Tribe*: whereas the *Man of true taste* finds but few things to approve: and those he approves with moderation.

VER. 127. *Wilmot.*] Earl of Rochester.

VER. 129. And SWIFT cry wisely, "*Vive la Bogatelle!*"]
Our Poet, speaking in one place of the purpose of his satire, says,

In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends.

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviser say,

Laugh at your *Friends*, and if your *Friends* before,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

because their impatience under reproof would shew, they had a great deal which wanted to be set right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to see a friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. *Swift* (as we may see by some posthumous Volumes, lately published, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory) trifled away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their wit only to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction; or, in short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend, and set off Truth; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of wit, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned: and in which Dr. *Swift* seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. "I chuse (says he, in a Letter to Mr. Pope) my Companions amongst those of the least consequence, and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find: and whenever I write,

" it is upon the most trifling subjects." And again, " I love " *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad " prose or worse verses, either of rage or raillery," &c. And again, in a letter to Mr. Gay, " My rule is, *Vive la* " *Bagatelle*."

E P I S T L E I.

Book ii. Epist. 1.] The Poet always rises with his original; and very often without. This whole Imitation is extremely noble and sublime.

VER. 7. Edward and Henry, &c.] Romulus, et Liber Pater, &c. Horace very judiciously praises Augustus for the colonies he founded, not for the victories he had won; and therefore compares him, not to those who desolated, but to those who civilized mankind. The imitation wants this grace: and, for a very obvious reason, should not have aimed at it, as he has done in the mention of *Alfred*.

VER. 17. The great Alcides,] This instance has not the same grace here as in the original, where it comes in well after those of Romulus, Bacchus, Castor, and Pollux, tho' awkwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the sake of the beautiful thought in the next line; which, yet, does not equal the force of his original.

VER. 74. The life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.]

Quo promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.

The beauty of this arises from a Circumstance in Ennius's story. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has succeeded.

VER. 81. In all debates &c.] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his Original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed.

VER. 119. On Avon's bank,] At Stratford in Warwickshire, where Shakespear had his birth. The thought of the Original is here infinitely improved. *Perambulet* is a low allusion to the name and imperfections of *Atta*.

VER. 129—130.] Inferior to the original: as VER. 133—4. excell it.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas stole—The sleepy Eye, &c.* This was the Characteristic of this excellent Colourist's expression; who was an excessive Manierist.

VER. 181. *He served, &c.*] To the simple elegance of the original, the Poet has here added great spirit and vivacity, without departing from the fidelity of a translation.

VER. 201. *Of little use, &c.*] There is a poignancy in the following verses, which the original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 213. *Unhappy Dryden—In all Charles's days,—Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;*] The sudden stop after mentioning the name of *Dryden* has a great beauty. The Poet's tenderness for his Master is expressed in the second line by making his *case general*; and his *honour* for him, in the first line, by making his *case particular*, as the only one that deserved pity.

VER. 229. *Not but there are, &c.*] Nothing can be more truly humorous or witty than all that follows to *ψ* 240. Yet the noble sobriety of the original, or, at least, the appearance of sobriety, which is the same thing here, is of a taste vastly superior to it.

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his *Church History*, says he was esteemed an excellent Poet.

VER. 241. *Our rural Ancestors, &c.*] This is almost literal; and shews, that the beauty and spirit, so much admired in these Poems, owe less to the liberty of imitating, than to the superior genius of the imitator.

VER. 259. *Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side, &c.*] These two lines (notwithstanding the reference) are an addition to the Original. They seemed necessary to complete the History of the rise and progress of Wit; and, if attended to, will be

seen to make much for the argument the Poet is upon, viz. the recommendation of Poetry to the protection of the Magistrate. And is, therefore, what Horace would have chosen to say, had he reflected on it.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France, &c.*] The instance the Poet here gives, to answer that in the *Original*, is not so happy. However, it might be said with truth, that our Intrigues on the Continent brought us acquainted with the *Provincial Poets*, and produced *Chaucer*. I, only, wonder, when he had such an example before him, of a Bard who so greatly polished the rusticity of his age, he did not use it to paraphrase the sense of

Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere :

VER. 290. *The stage how loosely does Afræa tread,*] The fine metaphor of *non astricto*, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word *loosely*.

VER. 296. *O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys,*] The metaphor is fine, but inferior to the *Original*, in many respects,

ventoso gloria curru,
has a happy air of ridicule heightened by its allusion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more serious light, as representing the Poet a *Slave* to Fame or *Glory*,

Quem tulit ad scenam — Gloria.
as was the custom in their triumphs. In other respects the imitation has the preference. It is more just. For a Poet makes his first entrance on the stage, not immediately, to *Triumph*, but to try his *Fortune*. However,

Who pants for Glory, &c.
is much superior to the *Original*.

VER. 319. *Old Edward's Armour, &c.*] Descriptive Poetry is the lowest work of a Genius. Therefore when Mr. Pope employs himself in it, he never fails, as here, to ennoble it with some moral stroke or other.

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains;*] Archbishop Tillotson hath said, "That satire and invective were "the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it "will serve to abuse and find fault. For wit (says he) is a "keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with it. "But to carve a beautiful image and polish it, requires great "art and dexterity. To praise any thing well, is an argument of much more wit than to abuse: a little wit, and "a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire; but "the greatest instance of wit is to commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate. And I, in my turn, might as well say, that Satire was the most difficult, and Panegyric the most easy thing in nature; for that any barber-surgeon can curl and shave, and give cosmetic washes for the skin; but it requires the abilities of an anatomist to dissect and lay open the whole interior of the human frame. But the truth is, these similitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgment of the user. The one is just as easy to do *ill*, and as difficult to do *well* as the other. In our Author's *Essay on the Characters of Men*, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the Satire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of the same great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is more *readily received*; but this does not shew that it is more *easily written*.

E P I S T L E II.

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.

VER. 33. *In Anna's Wars, &c.*] Many parts of this story are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the original.

VER. 37. *This put the man, &c.*] Greatly below the original,

Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer.

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous.

VER. 43. *Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.*] For the sake of a stroke of satire, he has here weakened that circumstance, on which the turn of the story depends. Horace avoided it, tho' the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge his raillery.

VER. 51. *Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.*] This has neither the force nor the justness of the original. Horace makes his Soldier say,

Ibit,

Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit.

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loss*, that pushed him upon danger; many being equal to the one, who cannot bear the other. What betray'd our poet into this inaccuracy of expression was its suiting better with the *application*. But in a great writer we pardon nothing. And such should never forget, that the expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*: for then they reflect mutual light upon one another.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.*] This circumstance has a happier application in the *imitation* than in the *original*; and properly introduces the 68th verse.

VER. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away;*] i. e. Time changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations.

VER. 104. *Have you not seen, &c.*] The satirical pleasantry of this image, and the humorous manner of representing it, raises the imitation, in this place, far above the original.

VER. 113. *Would drink and doze, &c.*] This has not the delicacy, for it wants the elegant ambiguity, of

Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

where the intemperance of Poets is not the *obvious*, but the *secret* meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the *Drama* as well as of the *Bottle*: and *sleep* was courted for *inspiration*, as well as to relieve a *debauch*.

VER. 132. *And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.*] It

is the silly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excell, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit: and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *outwitted*.

VER. 159. *not a word they spare,—That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,*] Force and light respect *figurative expressions*; and signify, that it be such as awakes the imagination, and be taken from obvious subjects; for without the first quality it will want *force*; without the other, *light*.

Weight and *care* respect *literal expression*, the first marking out the character of the verb: the other of the noun; and signify, that, in every proposition, the *attribute* should be important, and the *subject* precise.

VER. 170. *For Use will father what's begot by Sense*] A very fine and happy improvement on the *expression*, if not on the *thought*, of his original.

VER. 184. *There liv'd in primo Georgii, &c.*] The imitation of this story of the *Madman* is as much superior to his original, in the fine and easy manner of telling, as that of Lucullus's Soldier comes short of it. It is true the turn Horace's madman took, agrees better with the subject of his Epistle, which is *Poetry*; and doubtless there were other beauties in it, which time has deprived us of. For it is in poetry as in painting, the most delicate touches go *first*; and, what is worse, they agree in this too, that they are *last* observed. So that, what between time and ill taste, the greatest beauties are the shortest lived.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, &c.*] This illustration is much happier than what is employed in his original; as by raising pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illustrate.

VER. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken—t.

VER. 232. *delightful Abs-court.*] A farm over-against Hampton-Court.

VER. 248. *bang in Fortune's pow'r,—Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here supplied the Imitator with expression much superior to his original.

VER. 273. *All Townshend's Turnips,*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—— When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Husbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe, &c.*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, &c.*] Here our poet had an opportunity of illustrating his own Philosophy; and thereby giving a much better sense to his Original: and correcting both the *naturalism* and the *fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these words,

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAÆ.

VER. 288. *But sure no statute*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the succession of Papists, &c.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that superstition, he would explode; whereas his Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits, such as the *diablerie* of witchcraft and purgatory.

DR. DONNE'S SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humorous,

In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.

As if the Ten Commandments were so wide, as to stand ready

to receive every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature* or the *Gospel commands*. A just ridicule on those *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious Duties within them. Whereas their true original sense is much more confined, being a short summary of duty fitted for a single people, upon a particular occasion, and to serve transitory ends.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas—*] The Original has here a very fine stroke of satire.

Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes roar.

The frauds with which that work (so necessary for the welfare both of religion and the state) was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the dissoluteness in which the plunder arising from it was wasted, had scandalized all sober men; and disposed the best Protestants to wish, that some part of that immense wealth, arising from the suppression of the Monasteries, had been reserved for Charity, Hospitality, and even for the public service of Religion.

VER. 105. *So Luther, &c.*] Our Poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his Author's thought. The Lawyer (says Dr. Donne) enlarges the legal instruments for conveying property to the bigness of *gloss'd civil Laws*, when it is to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same Lawyer convey property for you, and he then omits even the necessary words; and becomes as concise and hasty as the loose postils of a modern Divine. So *Luther* while a Monk, and, by his institution, obliged to say Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his *Pater-noster* too long. But when he set up for a Governor in the Church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new Model; he then lengthened the *Pater-noster* by a new clause. This representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the addition was the *power and glory clause*, was to sa-

tirize his ambition; and both together to insinuate that, from a Monk, he was become totally *secularized*.—About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a strong propensity to Popery, which appears from several strokes in these satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare books*, one article of which is intitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicae*, alluding to Luther's omission of the concluding *Doxology*, in his two Catechisms, which shews he was fond of the joke; and, in the first instance, (for the sake of his moral) at the expence of truth. As his putting Erasmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa shews what were then his sentiments of Reformation.

VER. 127. *Treason, or the Law.*] By the *Law* is here meant the *Lawyers*.

S A T I R E IV.

VER. 10. *Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;*] *Courtiers* have the same pride in *admiring*, that *Poets* have in *being admir'd*. For *Vanity* is as often gratified in paying our court to our superiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face, &c.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus,

And wiser than all us

He knows what Lady

the reader expects it will conclude,—*what Lady is painted*. No, just the contrary,

what lady is not painted,

satirically insinuating, that that is a better Proof of the goodness of his intelligence than the other. The Reader sees there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the *odiousness* of painting; in which case the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expression; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the simple name.

VER. 167. *fall endlong*] The sudden effect of the transformation is strongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in the sound, but in the sense of these two words.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully sublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil, in the region of *beat*. They both call out as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place,

O qui me gelidis—

O quickly bear me hence.

VER. 188. *There sober thought*] These two lines are remarkable for the delicacy and propriety of the expression.

VER. 194. *Base Fear.*] These four admirable lines become the high office he had assumed, and so nobly sustained.

PAGE 141. l. ult. *She fears her drugs till lay'd, &c.*] i. e. Conscious that both her complexion and her hair are borrowed, she suspects that, when, in the common cant of flatterers, he calls her *beauty lime twigs*, and her *hair a net* to catch lovers, he means to insinuate that her colours are coarsely laid on, and her borrowed hair loosely woven.

VER. 240. *Durer's rules,*] Albert Dürer.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES,

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

D I A L. I.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This request seems somewhat absurd: but not more so than the principle it refers to: That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it an instance of a narrow understanding, that, from a few of Rochefaucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a

Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at.

VER. 37. *Why yes: with Scripture &c.*] A scribler, whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preservation of his fleeting existence. But a true Genius could not do a foolisher thing, or sooner defeat his own aim. The sage Boileau used to say on this occasion, " Une
" ouvrage severe peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais un
" ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux personnes se-
" veres."

VER. 78. *Nation's Sense;*] The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 97. *There, where no Passion, &c.*] The excellent writer *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the Spirit of Courts, and the Principle of Monarchies:
" Qu'on lise ce que les Historiens de tous les tems ont dit
" sur la Cour des Monarques; qu'on se rapelle les con-
" versations des hommes de tous les Pais sur le miserable
" caractère des COURTISANS; ce ne sont point des choses
" de speculation, mais d'une triste expérience. L'ambition
" dans l'oisiveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'en-
" richir sans travail, l'aversion pour la verité; la flatterie,
" la trahison, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ses engagements,
" le mepris des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu
" du Prince, l'esperance de ses foiblesses, et plus, que tout
" cela, LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VÉR-
" TU, sont, je crois, le Caractère de la plupart des Courti-
" sans marqué dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or
" il est très mal-aisé que les Principaux d'un Etat soient mal-
" honnêtes-gens, et que les inferieurs soient gens-de-bien,
" que ceux-là soyent trompeurs, et que ceux-ci consentent
" à n'être que dupes. Que si dans les Peuple il se trouve
" quelque malheureux honnête-homme, le Cardinal de
" Richelieu dans son *Testament politique* insinue, qu'un Mo-
" narque doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant-il est vrai que

“ la Vertu n'est pas le ressort de ce Gouvernement.”

VER. 103. *gracious Prince*] The style of Addresses on an accession.

VER. 113. *Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;*] A satirical ambiguity—either that those *starve who have it*, or that those who *boast of it, have it not*: and both together (he insinuates) make up the present state of *modern virtue*.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *forms of prayer*, composed in the times of public calamity; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*.

VER. 135. *Let humble ALLEN with an awkward shame,—
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.*] We are so absolutely governed by custom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men, who are ever modest, a kind of diffidence, which is the parent of *Shame*. But when, to this, there is joined a consciousness that, in forsaking custom, you follow truth and reason, the indignation arising from such a conscious virtue, mixing with *shame*, produces that amiable *awkwardness*, in going out of the fashion, which the Poet, here, celebrates:

and blush to find it Fame,

i. e. He blushed at the degeneracy of his times, which, at best, gave his goodness its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) instead of following and imitating his example, which was the reason why some acts of it were not done by *stealth*, but more openly.

VER. 138. *'Tis just alike, to Virtue and to me ;*] He gives the reason for it, in the line that presently follows,

She's still the same, below'd, contented thing.

So that the sense of the text is this, “ It is all one to *Virtue*
“ on whom her influence falls, whether on high or low,
“ because it still produces the same effect, *their content* ;
“ and it is all one to *me*, because it still produces the same
“ effect, *my love*.”

VER. 165. *The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,—*

Are what ten thousand envy and adore :] And no wonder, for the *Wit of Cheats* being the evasion of Justice, and the *Courage of a Whore* the contempt for reputation; these emancipate men from the two tyrannical restraints upon free spirits, fear of punishment, and dread of shame.

D I A L O G U E II.

VER. 1. *Paxton]* Late solicitor to the Treasury.

VER. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice!]* The liveliness of the reply may excuse the bad reasoning; otherwise *the dice*, tho' they rhyme to *vice*, can never stand for it, which his argument requires they should do. For *the dice* are only the *instruments* of fraud; but the question is not, whether the *instrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, should be exposed, instead of the person.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c.]* Alluding to the old Game-laws, when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.]* For, as the reasonable *De la Bruyere* observes, " Qui ne sait être un ERASME, doit penser à être Evêque."

VER. 42. *for the love of Vice]* We must consider the Poet is here directing his discourse to a follower of the new system of Politics, That *private vices are public benefits*. SCRIBL.

VER. 51. *why lay it on a King.]* He is serious in the foregoing subjects of satire; but ironical here, and only alludes to the common practice of Ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their masters.

VER. 74. *But does the Court a worthy man remove?]* The poet means, *remove* him for his *worth*: not that he esteemed the being *in* or *out* a proof either of corruption, or virtue. " I had a glympse of a letter of yours lately (says he to " Dr. Swift) by which I find you are, *like the vulgar*, apter " to think well of people *out* of power, than of people *in* " power. Perhaps 'tis a mistake; but, however, there is

" something in it generous." *Lett. xvii. Sept. 3, 1726.*

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place. *Dunc. B. ii. v. 315.*

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud; &c.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet insinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The Passions are given us to awaken and support Virtue. But they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of Virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of *Satire*.

VER. 214. *To all but Heaven-directed hands*] " The Citizen (says *Plato*, in his fifth book of *Laws*) who does no injury to any one, without question, merits our esteem. He, who, not content with being barely just himself, opposes the course of injustice, by prosecuting it before the Magistrate, merits our esteem vastly more. The first discharges the duty of a single Citizen; but the other does the office of a body. But he whose zeal stops not here, but proceeds to ASSIST THE MAGISTRATE IN PUNISHING is the most valuable blessing of Society. This is the PERFECT CITIZEN, to whom we should adjudge the prize of Virtue."



Mr. WARBURTON's NOTE
BEFORE THE
First Satire of the Second Book
OF
H O R A C E
I M I T A T E D.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas : And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well : if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest ; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist he had hardly made choice of Horace ; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression,

which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented, with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius: and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertisement*. To which we may add, that this sort of Imitations, which are of the nature of *Parodies*, adds reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.



F I N I S.

